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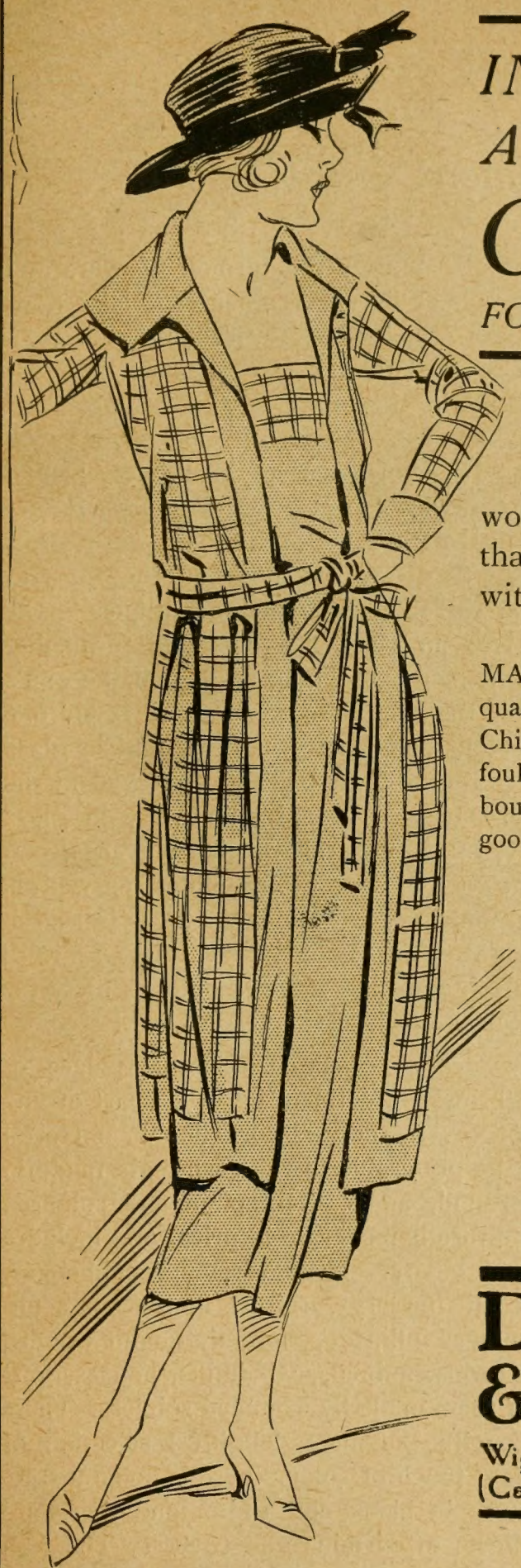

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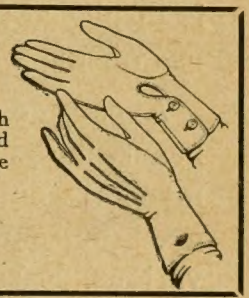

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Advertisement Supplement

The Simpler Life

¶ The majority of people are tired after the turmoil of war, and desire to lead simpler and quieter lives. Women especially want houses of the newer kind in which housework is reduced to a minimum and possessions reduced to the fewest. This does not necessarily mean that beauty in the home is not available, for beauty is combined with comfort and simplicity, and anyone who pays a visit to that splendid establishment of Messrs. Heal and Son in Tottenham Court Road will discover simplicity with beauty in furniture fabrics, floor coverings, and the varied accessories of wall and table decoration. Here one finds all the work of modern artists, as well as valuable and genuine antiques. The " Mansard " flat itself gives an idea of a complete furnishing scheme which will appeal to many, but it is easy to make one's own scheme very quickly by the helpful suggestions all round one at Heal's. A wealth of colour and beauty in china and in glass for useful and decorative purposes is artistically displayed in the spacious first-floor gallery. There is a special novelty in glass resembling Alabaster, made in beautiful blues, pinks, greens, and other colours. There are cups and saucers and plates, as well as bowls and pots, which will make a great appeal to those in search of something new. The bright-coloured china for cottage furniture is displayed to the best advantage, and there is nothing nicer for use on the well-designed tables of clean, unpolished oak.

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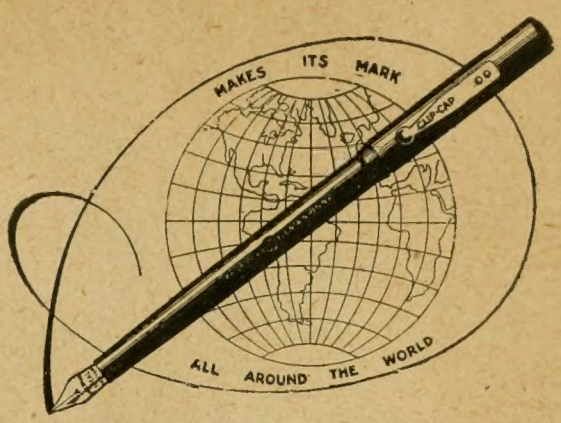

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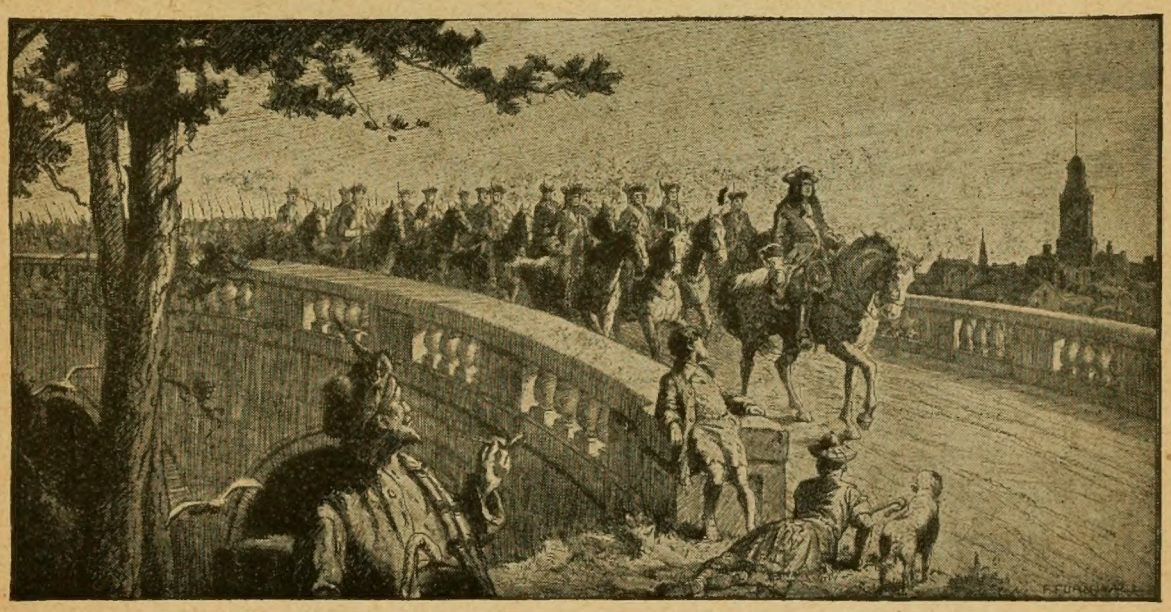

WHILE General Wade was in the Highlands reporting on the best means of promoting peace and welfare in that part of Scotland, he was summoned to Glasgow to quell the riots which had broken out over the Malt Tax. Incidentally this tax, by increasing the price of ale, had the effect of increasing the consumption of whisky, which before was little used.

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of boxes for hats, boots, linen, and various other uses in the bedroom is a good one, and there are many covered with decorative cretonnes to match the scheme of the room. In a word, a visit to Heal's provides endless inspiration, and furnishing becomes a pleasure when choice can be made from such a wealth of acceptable things.

"Tatcho" ¶ Everybody in middle life has been struck by the fact that to-day the physiological changes of advancing maturity are far less apparent than they were a generation ago—stoutness, inactivity, and other indices have almost disappeared, and, what was perhaps the most common form of physical deterioration, baldness, is becoming more and more rare. The reason for all this is undoubtedly improved hygiene, plus the careful investigation of causation, and the discovery of efficient remedies. Amongst the latter "Tatcho" holds high place; it is, in fact, one of the few new words of power generally recognised in the bright lexicon of middle age, and the fact that a personality so gifted and astute as Mr. George R. Sims, with his unique position amongst his contemporaries, is the guarantor of "Tatcho's" genuine and remarkable powers of renewing the growth of hair, and giving nature a fresh start, is enough to commend this well-established compound to our serious attention. Thanks to a competent business organisation, the prescription has been placed at the disposal of the public upon extremely easy terms; it can be found wherever civilisation penetrates, ready to hand, and many thousand men and women bear silent but constant testimony to its beneficial efficiency, but if spoken and written gratitude is sought for by the sceptical this is also to be found a thousandfold.

The Pen for a Busy Writer ¶ All writers are busy people and desire to write as much as possible in a given time. The old method of ink-dipping does not suit the author or journalist, to whom a pen with a continuous and steady flow of ink is a necessity. Things often have to be dashed off at a furious speed, and one needs all concentration on the subject in hand. Most writers carry their own special brand of fountain pen about with them and find it a boon and a blessing. Waterman's (Ideal) fountain pen has proved itself a possession of exceptional value and merit, and has won the admiration of all its regular users. One of the best testimonies to its reliability has been given by Mr. Andrew Melrose, the well-known publisher, who says that his prejudice against fountain pens vanished with Waterman's Ideal as the model, and he remarks also that it is curious how much ill-usage a pen of this sort will stand at the hands of a nervous writer.

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"These Little Ones."

¶ A single child seen with our own eyes, dying of slow starvation, grubbing in the earth for roots, or greedily eating dandelion leaves or offal, would move us to indignation, tears, and instant help. Five million starving children in Central Europe and the Near East seem somebody else's business—say Switzerland's, or America's. Perhaps this is too strong a statement, for we are helping, or feeling helpless sympathy. In the latter case the way is plain. The address of the Save the Children Fund is 26 Golden Square, W.1, and Lord Weardale, the chairman, will instantly acknowledge your contribution. 2*s.* will give a daily dinner to one child for a week, £1 will feed and clothe a starving and perishing mite, and £100 will feed a thousand children for a week. In Serbia alone there are 500,000 fatherless children, of which number 150,000 are entirely destitute. The Armenian children are in a worse state, if possible, and Austria is a land of dwarfed and stunted slowly dying children. This is the business of us all. Could there be a more pressing or urgent cry, a plainer duty, or a more noble revenge than "save the children"?

The French Hock.

¶ France, like ourselves, has determined to do without German wines, and has produced a light, clean-flavoured wine under the generic style of "Moseloro," which is in all but name a good Moselle, the indispensable adjunct to the earlier courses, and at all times a most agreeable and wholesome beverage. "Moseloro," in the very slope-shouldered bottle which contains it, conveys the hock idea, and it is classed by connoisseurs as a sound and high-class Moselle. Made from selected grapes, this excellent estate wine solves for the *bon vivant* the problem of sumptuary patriotism, and involves no sacrifice of taste, for Moseloro is the thing itself, and is far superior to the ordinary run of pre-war Moselles. It is obtainable at all leading hotels, restaurants, and wine merchants, or direct from Moseloro, 15 Charlotte Street, W.

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A STIRRING APPEAL TO EVERY BRITISH MAN, WOMAN & CHILD.

5,000,000 children of Europe and Asia Minor are starving and dying for the want of urgent help.

These innocent victims of the war in Austria are a God-given trust to the people of more fortunate countries like ours.

To-day, each and all of us may play the noble part of the Good Samaritan, and thereby call down upon ourselves and those starving millions of little ones the blessings of the giver.

Starvation, Neglect, and Hopeless Drawn-out Agony.

The Lord Mayor of London says: "Words fail to describe adequately, or even faintly to outline, the widespread and acute misery of the children. The funds at our disposal have done little more than effect a tithe of the beneficence that is imperatively demanded. Child life in these regions is a life of starvation, of neglect, of hopeless, drawn-out agony. Will you help to afford these thousands of little ones something of food, of covering for their poor emaciated frames, something of loving care?"

A Report from ASIA MINOR states: "Many of the poor refugees (from villages burnt by Turks) have even been stripped of their clothes and left naked to die. Thousands of adults and children have not tasted any normal food for weeks, but have existed on roots and leaves and dandelions. The olive-green colour of their skin and deep-sunken eyes testify to their ghastly sufferings. That these poor people—mad with hunger—have in many cases eaten the flesh from the bodies of their dead comrades, needs no further proof than the reports which have reached us from our own representatives in Armenia. Shall we remain inactive while these people die?"

ONE OF FIVE MILLIONS

A real Photograph direct from the Famine Area,

showing the appalling state of emaciation to which Starvation and Disease have reduced Children, once healthy like yours, and those you see around YOU. **Imagine your Children in this condition!** Then think what you would expect of others who possess ample Food and ample means.

In the name of Humanity Can YOU Let These Helpless Mites Die?

500,000 Fatherless Children in Serbia alone.

SERBIA: A letter from Major Hanau declares —"The war has left Serbia with 500,000 fatherless children, and of these 150,000 are quite destitute. . . . Funds and personnel are urgently needed . . . The amount of tuberculosis among children is alarming."

AUSTRIA: Dr. Hilda Clark writes—"Even toddlers of one to five years are hardly seen in the streets, for they can hardly toddle, and unless you undress them and ask their ages you would not realise what has happened. Yet many of these children can be cured quite quickly if fresh milk can be given, and even the bad cases are cured by cod-liver oil."

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2s. will provide a daily dinner for a school child for one week.

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OBJECT.—To help the children throughout the Famine Areas.

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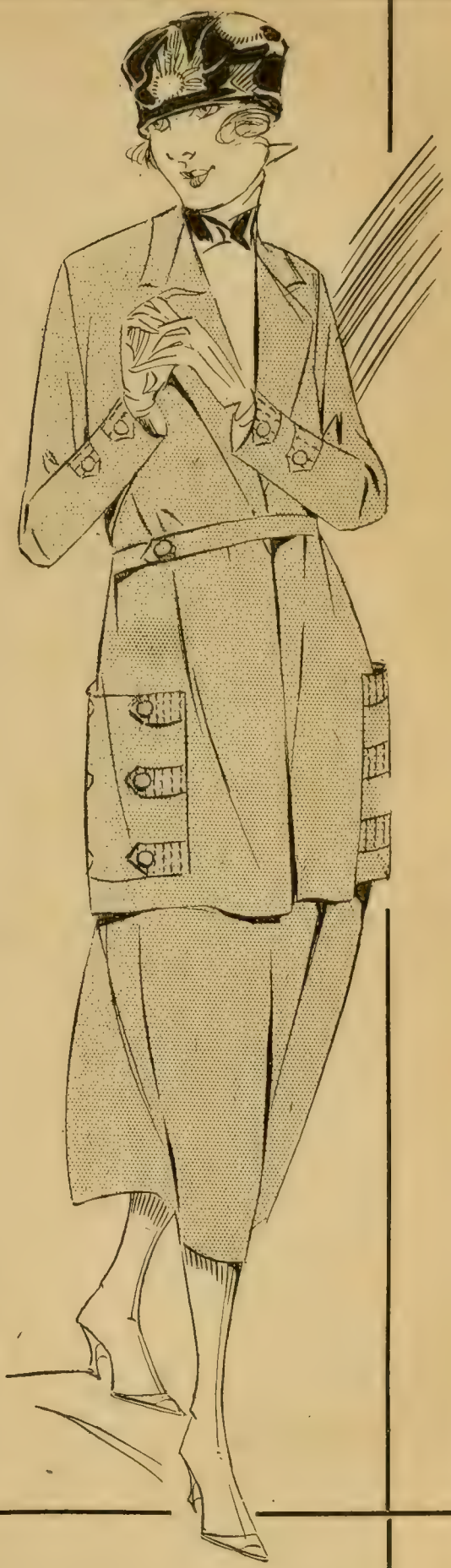

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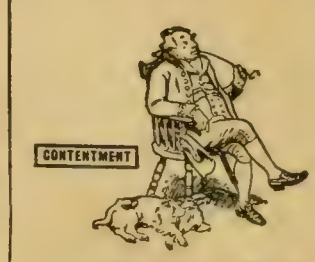

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In these devastating days of peace Mr. Mallaby-Deeley comes to the rescue of a war-stricken civilisation faced with a future of expensive fig-leaves, and offers it suits at £2 17s. 6d. And, in all sincerity, without sarcasm, we should welcome him as the hero of heroes in the ranks of the historical tailors.

Please do not think that if I criticise I do so uncharitably. It is merely to amuse myself. And I can do so because I am not really a tailor, and so I can claim no place in the category of heroes. My knowledge consists merely in style and origination. So my bravery merely consists in heroic assertion.

I like Mr. Mallaby-Deeley because he states he wants to lower permanently the cost of clothes to the public. So do I. I should like to reduce the cost of everything. And it is so simple. For instance, although, naturally, one inclines towards the Ritz for food, it is quite possible to obtain a "filling" meal at Lockhart's at a figure which would not even make a Mallaby blush.

But specially I should like to know how to reduce the price of clothes, for soon I shall have to charge twenty guineas for a suit.

At the present moment my House is paying for the best worsted 49s. 6d. a yard (and this House is one of the biggest retail buyers . . . a statement, not a boast), which means £8 13s. for the material of a suit alone. In the West End Log the making costs £4 8s., and the best trimmings cost £2 19s. A gross cost of £16, to which must be added the establishment charges, which are awful, and an Income Tax which renders one inarticulate.

Of course, it's damnable, but that does not disturb the ghastly fact.

Personally, I loathe the vulgar artificial prices, but it is impossible for the controlled individual to lower them a fraction without going bankrupt and so annoying the Inland Revenue. So one simply comes to the conclusion that the fruits of victory are even more expensive than Adam's apple.

But then, in these days of militaristic adventure, one ought not to expect to be able to do more than provide "Winnie" with pin money to buy new hats.

* * * * * * * *

The prices of clothes will increase considerably during 1920, and the prices quoted here are considerably below the actual market price of the moment.

Lounge Suits from £12 12s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

MAY, 1920

The Cider Makers

By Eden Phillpotts

WHEN drifts the apple-breath, to steal again
Through fruit-crowned orchards, like a fragrant wave,
And when on stilly nights
The falling fruit we hear;

Then creak the rusty hinges, gape the doors
Of cider presses, slumbering and dim;
And cobwebs tatter down
To shrivel in the light.

Through many a dusty vault the autumn sun
Launches a ruby shaft at eventide,
Within the velvet gloom
Determining shadowy shapes.

The presses heave, like cavern idols set
Above the granite troughs around their knees,
And seem to wake again
And stretch their giant limbs;

For tide of life is running; feet of men
Trample the orchard herbage, stamp a stain
That winds away and fades
Among the mossy boles.

Beneath the bough another harvest lies
In mounds and pools of light and scattered stars,
That gleam within the heart
Of every apple glade,

Shining behind the shadows, twinkling out
Where sunlight strokes the grass to emerald,
Or where, in garnered heaps,
The crimson apples flame.

Old ministrants of cider mysteries
Blend sweet and sour on immemorial plan,
And wrap the sacrifice
In woven horse-hair grey;

And when the presses turn and grip and crush
In rivulets the virgin ciders flow
While sunbeams twine thereon
A braid of trickling fire.

There is a hum and bustle through the vault;
Great hairy arms knot up, and heavy hands
Tug at the beams of oak
Upon their shining screws;

While round each door the feathered people run—
White, spangled, bronze and coral red of comb—
Who from the pomace peck
A feast of ebon seeds.

Ripples the cider with a little sound,
Like the least, purring rill, that runs to catch
Within her silver bow
The blue forget-me-nots.

Ripples the cider, when the vat is drawn,
Translucently, as though crushed opal stones
Were melted; then away
The racking to endure.

Ancient the men who labour at the mill,
And some have drunk of fifty cider brews,
Straining the massy beams
For half a century.

THE CIDER MAKERS

Where rays of light resolve the polished wood,
A fret of carving still their timbers show,
And, graved upon the grain,
Are names of heroes fallen.

For many a vanished, mighty-shouldered man
Who drove the press at bygone vintages
The oak shall feel no more,
Yet still his life records;

And though no stone declares their sleeping-place
Under the darnel, yet the quick may read
How their old knives have set
A last memorial here.

Day upon day the curdled cider spurts,
The timbers grind and grunt, and through the murk,
The towering screws throw down
Their cold and steely shine.

Then, flowing on and racked and racked again,
The cloudy liquors sparkle amber-clear,
Till fore-glow of the dawn
Is not more crystal bright.

The rites are ended; barrels seem to bulge;
Wet vats grow dry and weary beams are still,
Their chronicles enriched
With new recorded names.

Once more the doors are fast put home again
And quiet comes, to tempt with solitude
Quick, peaceful, flickering things
That fear the voice of man.

The presses slumber and their fragrance fades;
The auburn mouse steals back into his haunt;
An empty knot-hole throws
The only ray of light,

When red of eye, on low November eves,
The sun peeps through the naked apple-boughs,
To flash a fleeting glance
That's lost in nothingness.

Patient Arachne, hanging on her thread,
One moment twinkles, like a bead of gold;
Then all again is dark
And silent as a grave.

Kissing You

By Norwood E. Cooper

KISSING you, beloved, is a wondrous passionate song,
The fierce light in the panther's eye, the draught for which men long
Ere they die unslaked in the desert—so why should it be wrong?

Holding you, beloved, is the surging wash of the main,
The wild, exultant cry of the eagle over the plain,
The lashing of storm-rent forest-boughs—so I clasp and kiss you again.

Carrion Crow

By W. H. Stephens

GOOD morning, Mr. Crow;
We've met before, you know,
In many a place;
And yet you seem to say
You've never passed my way,
Or seen my face!

CARRION CROW

I know your beady eye,
So impudent and sly;
  Your thieving beak;
Your coat of black, so bright
With green and purple light;
  Your "cuarring" squeak.

I know your cousin too,
He's very much like you—
  The Hooded Crow;
But differently he's dressed,—
Grey mantle and grey vest,
  Above, below.

You build your nests on trees,
Or cliffs by windy seas,
  Where few folk stray;
Some sticks and roots are there,
With wool and fur and hair,
  And fibre, hay.

Your mate lays eggs of green,
Blue blotches, brown between,
  Or ashen grey;
And now that brings to mind
The Raven's of your kind,
  In his own way.

And he is glossy black,
With bluey, purply back;
  And horrid croak!
You see, it's not the coat
But just the dismal note
  That will provoke!

And then there's Mr. Chough,
Whose ways are not so rough,
  Nor deeds so ill;
He's black, with blue and green,
And glossy violet sheen;
  Red legs and bill.

But really in your ways
There's little we can praise,
  There's much to hate;
And yet folk say of you,
Old Carrion Crow, you're true
  To last year's mate!

Shearwater

By W. H. Stephens

Shearwater, shearing the Sea,
  Dipping your wings, left and right,
Skim the waves nearer to me,
  Do not fly out of my sight,
    You dear Delight!

Sooty black wings you extend,
  Over the ripples you glide,
Then like a petrel descend,
  Walk on the top of the tide!
    Or sit and ride!

How did you burrow the hole
  Up in the cliff for your nest,
Into the sand, like a mole,
  Spreading some grass for your breast,
    And one white guest?

Soon you will teach him to fly,
  Shearing the water so blue!
O how my heart and soul cry,
  Long to go flying with you,
    Just as you do!

An End

By Kia Ora

You gave your body to me, and your soul,
Such as it was, I held in my two hands—
A little fragile thing as light as you.

You gave your body to me, your red lips,
Red gleaming hair that curled about your head,
And sleepy eyes so empty and so blue.

Night long, for many, many nights you slept,
Your mouth on mine, my breast against your breast;
I heard the hours ticking time away.

And, though you gave me all you had to give,
Twining your white arms round me in content,
I only knew that night brings forth the day.

You could not hold me. Your soft slenderness
And clinging hands and little beating heart
And tender whispers thrilling with desire—

And so I put your kissing mouth away
And covered up your white desirous limbs.
I may not warm me at a dying fire.

The Coming of Gabrielle

By George Moore

ACT III.

Scene: Same as in Act I.
When the curtain rises, DAVENANT *is on the stage in evening dress.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* GODBY.

GODBY. 'Ere we are—the very room—'member it jush as if it was yesseday. Beg pardon, sir—Godby, second mate on the *Hannah Maria.* Don't you remember Godby, sir? Came for Priscilla's letters 'bout month ago.

DAVENANT. Yes, Mr. Godby, I remember.

GODBY. Well, to make a long story short, shecktery breaks his word—no letters—Priscilla getting more and more peevish every day. No letters—'ave to come up again from Southampton. Shecktery 'broad, self at Claremont Villa; way I go, all sails set, and over'aul shecktery with his young lady; bit of a squall; shecktery would 'ave weighed anchor and gone away after her, but I says, "No, shecktery; no, shecktery; not this time." We go back together after a bit of a rest and a tankard of ale, at your expense, Mr. Davennan. Terrible 'ot day.

DAVENANT. I can see, Mr. Godby, that you are suffering from the heat. Won't you sit down?

GODBY. I'd like to drop my anchor somewhere.

(*He sits down on a light chair.* DAVENANT *rushes forward.*)

DAVENANT. You'll be more comfortable there, Mr. Godby. (*Puts* GODBY *into settee.*)

GODBY. Thank'ee. Very comfortable chair. But the letters. (*Rises.*) In that 'ere casket.

SEBASTIAN. No, Mr. Godby, there are no letters in that casket. Priscilla's letters are downstairs.

GODBY. Downstairs. I'll wait here. Shecktery . . . letters . . . Shecktery good sort. D'ye 'ear, Mr. Davennan? Shecktery good sort. (*He closes his eyes.* DAVENANT *and* SEBASTIAN *walk aside.*)

DAVENANT. Now, Sebastian, what is all this about?

SEBASTIAN. Martin let this man into the house, and we've been coming back ever since, from ale-house to ale-house.

DAVENANT. A drunken man in this house, and an Austrian Countess in Claremont Villa. These eccentricities are no doubt very amusing, Sebastian, but I shall have to explain to your father——

SEBASTIAN. Explain what you like. I don't care; I'm done for.

DAVENANT. Is it so bad as that? You have told her and——

SEBASTIAN. Just as I was trying to summon up courage to tell her, this fellow came rolling into the house asking for the letters that I had promised to send him. At the word "letters," Gabrielle began to grow suspicious, and the garrulous fool that he is, thinking to make matters right, said I hadn't written to Priscilla since they were spliced. What did Gabrielle care

whether it was before or after marriage? All that concerned her was the fact that I had sent the poems that I had written to her to this fellow's wife. As soon as she knew that, she just gave me a look. You wouldn't believe that so much hatred could come into that face. She picked up her parasol and ran away.

DAVENANT. And you let her go without any explanation?

SEBASTIAN. As I was about to follow her—is that fellow asleep?

(*Snore from* GODBY.)

DAVENANT. He seems as if he were.

SEBASTIAN. He gripped me by the arm and hung on to me, and a few minutes after I heard the train whistle.

DAVENANT. And she went away still thinking she is married to me? You really must go and tell her.

SEBASTIAN. I don't know where she is.

(*Enter* MARTIN *with a letter, which she hands to* DAVENANT.)

MARTIN (*to* SEBASTIAN). Shall I awake him, sir?

SEBASTIAN. No, no, no-o.

(*Exit* MARTIN.)

DAVENANT (*reading the letter*). She is at the "Three Kings," and is leaving Rockminster to-morrow. You must go and tell her.

SEBASTIAN. Now? At once?

DAVENANT. Why not?

SEBASTIAN. I do not think I can, Lewis. My last chance of getting her forgiveness would be lost if I did.

DAVENANT. Why should it be lost?

SEBASTIAN. Because I must begin at the beginning, by getting her to forgive me for sending my poems to Mrs. Godby.

DAVENANT. You think she looks upon the correspondence with Mrs. Godby as the greater offence?

SEBASTIAN. I don't know whether she does or doesn't, but am certain that when we have persuaded her to forgive one offence, the next will come easy. I can't give reasons, but that's how I feel. Neither of us know what she'll think.

DAVENANT. That's very likely; but why did you say when *we* have persuaded her?

SEBASTIAN. I should have said when you have persuaded her.

DAVENANT. But I'm only the secretary.

SEBASTIAN. Don't, Lewis, don't. You will help me, I know you will, and you can do so by sending a note round to the "Three Kings" asking her to come to see you.

DAVENANT. And then?

SEBASTIAN. You will be able to talk her over. The right words will come to you; they always do.

DAVENANT. Would you like me to say that you sent the poems to Priscilla to find out if the British public would like them, Priscilla being the British public in essence?

SEBASTIAN. The very thing, Lewis. I can see you'll be able to manage it all right.

DAVENANT. Would you like me to tell her that I am Lewis Davenant, taking on myself the entire responsibility of sending you to Vienna?

SEBASTIAN. No, I think not. Let us begin at the beginning, and when she has forgiven me the offence (in her eyes the greater offence), put it to her that she should go away with me, it doesn't matter where so long as I get her and myself out of Rockminster, for here——

DAVENANT. Here you are surrounded with relations.

SEBASTIAN. Just so. Will you do this, Lewis? I shall be for ever

grateful to you, and the job will not be as hard as it seems. Gabrielle is more sensible than she appears to be at first sight, for all her eccentricity is on the surface, as one soon begins to find out.

DAVENANT. I hadn't thought of it, but I daresay you're right, and that good sense often comes to us in strange clothes, whilst folly, under the dull robes of dignity, finds excellent cover.

SEBASTIAN. I am sure you are right, Lewis, for what you say sounds right. Send a note. She'll come. She won't leave Rockminster without seeing you; and as soon as we are ten miles out of Rockminster I'll tell her everything from end to end without evasion or omission.

DAVENANT. If she stops the carriage and bids you alight?

SEBASTIAN. I don't think she will.

DAVENANT. You speak with assurance. But however fantastic she may be on the surface, or under it, she won't take your piece of news that she has married the wrong man lying down.

SEBASTIAN. If you will do as I ask you——

DAVENANT. I will; for I must. It was I that pushed you into the snare.

SEBASTIAN. I feel like a fly on a sticky paper, but shall extricate myself if you will help me. I have your promise, you will not tell her anything?

DAVENANT. You have my hand on it. Ring the bell, please.

(SEBASTIAN *rings the bell.* DAVENANT *sits down and scribbles a note.*)

DAVENANT. But she knows your handwriting, Sebastian. You must write the note.

(SEBASTIAN *sits at table and writes. Enter* MARTIN.)

DAVENANT. Mr. Dayne is writing a note, and you'll have it sent round to the "Three Kings" at once, Martin. . . . The messenger is to wait for an answer.

MARTIN. Yes, sir.

(*Exit.*)

SEBASTIAN. I think it will work out all right. You are still Sebastian Dayne, and I am Davenant.

DAVENANT. May I ask how long this masquerade is to continue?

SEBASTIAN. Not for long. It can't. Things have come to a crisis. (*Looking towards* GODBY.) We'd better wake him.

DAVENANT. I am afraid we shall have some difficulty in getting rid of him. He won't go without his letters.

SEBASTIAN. I'll get him his letters. (*He goes over to* GODBY.) Now, Mr. Godby, shake your leg; lift your leg.

GODBY (*waking up*). Aye, aye, Captain; aye, aye. Blesh my soul . . . blesh my soul, where am I? (*Getting to his feet.*) Misher Davennan. Shecktery. Long walk. 'Eat of the sun. Arlright. Come back for Priscilla's letters. Shecktery, Priscilla's letters.

SEBASTIAN. Priscilla's letters are downstairs, Mr. Godby.

GODBY. Very well. Get away close hauled, cargo on board, Priscilla's letters, a glass of ale, Mr. Davennan, before starting. Glass of ale does no man any harm.

DAVENANT. You'll give Mr. Godby a glass of ale in the parlour, Sebastian.

GODBY. Thank'ee, Captain, drink yer 'ealth. Fine ale in this country; besh ever drunk. One glass at "Three Fiddlers"—should 'ave been two—two glasses at "Pig and Whistle"—should 'ave been three—four glasses at the "Rose and Crown"—should 'ave been five. England's bulwarks is 'er ale. As long as England brews the ale that I 'ave drunk to-day, England will never be anythin' else but merrie England. (*Begins to sing.*) "Oh! for merrie England and the merrie days of yore."

SEBASTIAN. Come away, and we'll drink Mr. Davenant's health.

GODBY. Yesh. Misher Davennan's 'ealth, Priscilla's 'ealth, shecktery's

'ealth, everybody's 'ealth. (SEBASTIAN *helps him out. Coming back.*) Won't you join us, Misher Davennan?

DAVENANT. Presently, Mr. Godby, presently.

(SEBASTIAN *pushes* GODBY *off.*)

DAVENANT (*to* SEBASTIAN). What are you going to do in the meantime?

SEBASTIAN. I'll wait upstairs.

DAVENANT. Lady Letham is dining here to-night.

SEBASTIAN. Lady Letham! Ah! she called the day I left, and hopes you will stay with her in Westmoreland. She wishes to show you a fine range of mountains.

DAVENANT. I wrote to her.

SEBASTIAN. But, Lewis, she would prefer to have you to herself, and until I know my fate I shall eat no dinner, and not even then, should it prove adverse.

(*Exit.*)

DAVENANT (*going to the door and speaking to* SEBASTIAN, *who is still on the staircase*). Will you tell Martin that I'd like to speak to her? (*He walks back and forth.*)

(*Enter* MARTIN.)

DAVENANT. You did well, Martin, to come up from Claremont Villa.

MARTIN. There was no use my staying on. The Countess caught the train, and Mr. Godby said he wouldn't leave till he had some ale. He made Mr. Dayne drink with him, and they went away together.

DAVENANT. I know, Martin, I know. But we must think now of what we can give Lady Letham for dinner. I daresay Mrs. Coleman will be able to manage a dinner of some sort.

MARTIN. I daresay she will, sir. I know pretty well what is in the house. You can have soup *printanière*, fillets of sole, *vin blanc*, and a spring chicken *en casserole*——

DAVENANT. And a sweet. That will do famously. As Lady Letham does not drink champagne, you had better have a bottle of the best claret warmed for her. The gardener has sent the flowers all right.

MARTIN. Yes, sir. (*She turns to go out, but stops.*)

DAVENANT. Well, what is it?

MARTIN. Only this, sir—are you still Mr. Dayne?

DAVENANT (*pause*). Well, Martin——

MARTIN. You sent round a note to the "Three Kings," sir, asking Mr. Sebastian's friend to come round here—the Countess von—I never caught the name properly, sir, but who will she ask for?

DAVENANT. She will ask for Mr. Dayne.

MARTIN. And Lady Letham, sir?

DAVENANT. She will ask for Mr. Davenant.

MARTIN. You'll excuse me, sir, but you have tied your tie very badly.

DAVENANT. Yes, I have tied it rather badly. That drunken fellow coming in at the moment. (*Ties tie before the glass.*) I think that is better.

MARTIN. Yes, sir, that's quite right.

DAVENANT. Is there anything else?

MARTIN. No. (*A bell rings.*) The front door bell, sir.

(*Exit* MARTIN. *She returns a moment after, followed by* GABRIELLE.)

GABRIELLE. How do you do, Mr. Davenant, and you see how running round I come to meet you eagerly; but this is not your writing. (*Hands him the letter.*)

DAVENANT (*takes letter and looks at it*). This letter is in Mr. Davenant's writing.

GABRIELLE. Ach, let no more time be wasted putting jokes on each other, not just now. This morning I was all for making jokes, for I

thought I was going to remain in England, and that there would be plenty of time for reconciliation, plenty of time for laughing, and saying which had made the greatest fool of the other; but now it is all sad and gloomy.

DAVENANT. I really do not understand.

GABRIELLE. Oh, yes, you do understand, and quite truly you do, Mr. Davenant, so you must not tease me any more, nor must I tease you, Mr. Davenant, for it is all too sad. But let that pass away. We will not talk of those things any more, for it would be useless, since I am going back to Austria.

DAVENANT. Going back to Austria! But when?

GABRIELLE. To-morrow or next day; and I've come here to-night because I could not go back to Austria without seeing the great author, Mr. Davenant, whose books have been so much help to me at a time when my life has gone to wreckage. All this was spoken of lightly this morning, but my humour is not the same; it never is the same very long. But there has been great cause, which I will tell you about. But that will not be necessary, as perhaps you have heard the story already from him. Ach, I can tell by your face that you have. So it may be wrong of me to come here; but I could not go without seeing Mr. Davenant as he is. For this morning you were not Mr. Davenant, but merely Mr. Davenant masquerading as—as your secretary; so if I had not come here to-night I should never have seen the real Mr. Davenant. But now I have seen him and the room in which he wrote all those lovely books which—but we'll say no more about those books. Yet why not, for all the rest has finished. I am glad that it was here you wrote your books, and not in that horrid Claremont Villa, which I shall try to forget. But this room I shall remember. (*She walks round the room, looking at the pictures.*) You have some lovely pictures, and if I were not going away in a few minutes I'd ask you to explain them to me, for you explain pictures very well in your books. Your china I understand better; you have some lovely Dresden, but I do not want to talk about such things; and if I look at them it is only because they will help me to remember you better. And now, dear Mr. Davenant, say: I forgive Gabrielle as Gabrielle forgives me, which is quite true.

DAVENANT. My dear Countess, you must not go like this. A foolish thought came into my head. One should not be judged by one's foolish thoughts. I don't know how it all happened that——

GABRIELLE. That you sent your secretary instead of coming yourself? Such a rude thing to do, and just at a time when I was saying every day: I'd die to know more about him. And it is not better; it is worse since I have seen you. Yes, I think it is so.

DAVENANT. But, Countess, tell me. You cannot go away like this, for we have much to say to each other, so much that I hardly know where to begin or how to——

GABRIELLE. What, you, the great author, not to know how to begin a story. I can stay a little while longer to hear you try.

DAVENANT. What would you have me talk to you about?

GABRIELLE. About yourself, or I'll not stay another minute. I have been told that you go on writing from morning to night. Why do you do it? Really, I must scold you a little. I do not want you to fall ill. You may write four or five hours a day, but no more, and you must go for long walks. If I were living in this house I should send you out for two hours every day at least. This to me you must promise.

DAVENANT. Am I forgiven?

GABRIELLE. Yes, if you promise.

DAVENANT. I promise. How good you are. Mine was the original offence.

GABRIELLE. We will not talk about who began and who ended. I came here to-night, for I could not leave England with unfriendliness for the

author of *Elizabeth Cooper*. I said in my letters, which you did not read, I will be in love with the author, not the man, a thing I did not mean at the time, but for the future I will think only of the author.

DAVENANT. My dear Countess, I should not like you to forget the man —not altogether. I cannot reconcile myself to becoming an intellectual abstraction, represented by seventeen volumes.

GABRIELLE. But they are such beautiful volumes. (*She turns to go.*)

DAVENANT. No, do not go. We must not part before we have laid aside the absurd disguises in which we have hidden ourselves, each from the other.

GABRIELLE. But I am speaking my heart open to you.

DAVENANT. A disguise is not rent and cast off in an hour. We must have patience. In a few minutes we shall be speaking out of our true selves. (*Detaining her.*) You have not told me yet when you discovered that I had sent my secretary——

GABRIELLE. Why do you want to know? Whether I took five minutes or one hour, what can it matter?

DAVENANT. A great deal, for the discovery in five minutes means one woman, and the discovery in an hour means another.

GABRIELLE. And which would you prefer me to be?

DAVENANT. You were returning to Vienna with the Baron von Allmen and two ladies, and it was in the train——

GABRIELLE. All that was my invention, part of the prank. But why do you make me talk of what will always be a very sad story to me?

DAVENANT. If you did not meet Sebastian in the train, he called on you, I suppose, one afternoon; and you were disappointed the moment he came into the room, for Sebastian did not correspond with the idea that you had formed of the man who had written *Elizabeth Cooper*. But the feeling of disappointment passed quickly into one of delight.

GABRIELLE. Now you're making up a story, and I cannot wait to hear it. You will send it to me. (*Rises.*) It was fortunate for himself that he came to me before going to the theatre, for how could he be mistaken for the author of *Elizabeth Cooper*? No, never. My discovery saved him from disgrace, and the piece from being withdrawn, as it might have been. Ach! I wish you had seen our performance of *Elizabeth Cooper*. You missed a great deal, Mr. Davenant, by not coming to Vienna.

DAVENANT. I did indeed. There is a puritan in the play——

GABRIELLE. We have no puritans in Vienna, and that is perhaps why we can act them so well. Why did you not come to Vienna to see your puritan? (*Sits.*)

DAVENANT. But you are not a puritan, Countess.

GABRIELLE. I'm talking now of your play. We should have sat in a box watching the performance, and afterwards we should have gone to supper at my cousin's, who has the *feu sacré* and a lovely mouth.

DAVENANT. So the meeting in the train was merely one of your imaginations, Countess; and what about the banquet and the laurel crown?

GABRIELLE. All my imaginations on the battlements of the Castle of Heidelberg——

DAVENANT. And the old priest, was he, too, one of your inventions?

GABRIELLE. We were married on an island in the Danube by an old priest just as he told you.

DAVENANT. But he married you, I see, in his own name, and not in mine.

GABRIELLE. Yes, in his own name. But that will make no difference, none whatever. I shall return to Austria, and my lawyers will tell me if I'm married. But let us not talk of these painful things, Mr. Davenant, I beg of you, for, as I have said, I would leave Rockminster with one pleasant memory at least, and the time I have spent in this room, if you

will not talk any more of unpleasant people and things, will be a pleasant memory in time to come. (*Rises.*)

DAVENANT (*rises*). No, you must not go. I would convince you that I meant only a little misunderstanding which would be cleared up in half an hour—in a day or two at most.

GABRIELLE. I, too, meant only a little harmless joke, and we have forgiven each other mutually, have we not? So why go back on that old story?

DAVENANT (*detaining her*). But I did not foresee that you would fall in love with him—how could I?

GABRIELLE. I do not wish to speak of him.

DAVENANT. Nor do I. It is true that I sent him to Vienna on a false errand, but he had no right to return to Rockminster and allow you—and encourage you, perhaps—to put a joke upon me. He is my cousin, and is many years younger.

GABRIELLE (*with a change of tone*). Mr. Davenant, you do not know me yet at all. How could you know me, for have we not come out of a masquerade, and not yet laid aside our clothes, as you have said? But if you should come to know me better, the first thing that you will learn about me is that I am not cruel—no, certainly I am not. Of course, I often offend people, sometimes even mortally; my temper is not very good, but when I think of it I have a great wish to be kind to everybody, even to him who sent my poems to Mrs. Godby. So I beg you to believe me that the joke, the hoax, the humbug—what is a hoax, Mr. Davenant?

DAVENANT. Much the same as humbug.

GABRIELLE. Must not be blamed to him, for the joke was mine, and was put on you in spite of all he could say. I would have my joke now; for at that time I was thinking of you as *un vieux farçeur*, who would deserve to be hoaxed. But now I think quite differently. (*Looking round.*) If I were to live here I should move the sofa, for there is too much glare; and bowls of flowers I would have, and cushions. You have been in love many times, Mr. Davenant—one can see that by this room, though there are too few cushions. How long have you been without cushions? Well, no matter. You must forgive Sebastian. You two must not go on quarrelling about Gabrielle. No woman is worth that two such men as you should be quarrelling about her. You must promise, for the thought of it would make me very sad when I am far away in Vienna. You cannot refuse me what I ask.

DAVENANT. My dear Countess, you are asking me to promise to do something that you cannot do yourself.

GABRIELLE. But you have nothing to forgive him, only a prank; and he couldn't do else than as I told him. You two must go on writing heaps of books together, just as if Gabrielle had never written her letters, as if she had never crossed your lives.

DAVENANT. But if you had forgiven him you would not return to Vienna.

GABRIELLE. I forgive him for coming to see me as Lewis Davenant, but I cannot forgive him for sending my poems—but let us not go over the hateful story again.

DAVENANT. I understand, or I think I do. You are angry, for it seems to you but an accident that he didn't go to Southampton instead of Vienna.

GABRIELLE. Which might well have been. Tell me, isn't it so? I don't want to tease you. I only want to know.

DAVENANT. I should be a false friend if I failed to remind you that one woman inspires the poems that all women receive.

GABRIELLE. Laura inspired all Petrarch's sonnets, and they were circulated in manuscript.

DAVENANT. In print, but not in manuscript.

GABRIELLE. Then there was no print; but I will not argue with you,

Mr. Davenant. I am not in the humour to argue with anybody about such a thing as Petrarch and Sebastian.

DAVENANT. Quite true; let us not argue, but forgive him.

GABRIELLE. No, that is not possible. There are things that cannot be. Were I to say I forgive him, my forgiveness would be merely words. It would not come from the heart. No; and now I must say good-bye. I really must go. (*She goes up stage, pauses a moment, and then returns.*) But, Mr. Davenant, one thing more. To please your curiosity, I will tell you that when Sebastian came to see me I knew after the first five minutes that he was a friend of yours, your secretary, your cousin,—anyway, not yourself. And now you will tell me something. Why did you not come to Vienna?

DAVENANT. I do not know myself.

GABRIELLE. That is a trick not to tell me that you are in love.

DAVENANT. No, I am not. You would know why I didn't go to Vienna? It seems to me that I dreaded a hoax—that some of my friends here might have planned the letters.

GABRIELLE. What madness! My letters should have told you. But you didn't read them.

DAVENANT. If I had I should have gone.

GABRIELLE. But that was not the only reason for not going.

DAVENANT. There are always many reasons. Sebastian chided me for unwillingness to sacrifice a few pages of prose. But that was not the reason. I think the real reason was my incurable shyness . . . hatred of the incongruous. I said if I were ten years younger I'd go.

GABRIELLE. Did I not say in my letters I did not like young men?

DAVENANT. You did. (*Detaining her.*) Many women write to authors about their books and ask for appointments, and if I have not accepted these invitations it is because I never could put the thought out of my mind that I should find a withered spinster waiting who would extend a sisterly hand to me, saying: I understand you, and you understand me; let us go under the willows and weep.

GABRIELLE. But after looking at my miniature you needn't have feared to find a wrinkled face waiting for you.

DAVENANT. You forget that your miniature did not arrive till the last moment, after all arrangements had been made, and Sebastian was about to start.

GABRIELLE. No, I do not forget. But there were two miniatures, and you told me this morning that you had given the head and shoulders to him and kept the naughty miniature for yourself. And I must know at once if my naughty miniature, which is quite a disgrace, gave you much pleasure, Mr. Davenant?

DAVENANT. It did indeed. Your miniature and your letters——

GABRIELLE. Ah, so you read my letters while—— But what have you done with my miniature? You said this morning that it was not at Claremont Villa, so it must be here, then. Let me see my miniature.

DAVENANT. Shall I show it to you?

GABRIELLE. Why not? You think I might be shocked; but one is not shocked at oneself; or do you think we should not look at the miniature together. Perhaps you are right; but fetch it all the same.

(DAVENANT *goes over to bureau in the corner of the room and opens a drawer. He returns with the miniature.*

GABRIELLE. So you keep it locked up faithfully. Come, dear Mr. Davenant, and sit on the sofa beside me, and we will look at our miniature together. (*They sit.*) Well, you do not speak. It doesn't seem to you like me at all? Is that the reason of your silence?

DAVENANT. No, not exactly. You see, I know you only in a hat and feathers. If you will take off your hat——

GABRIELLE. I should have to take off more than my hat to look like a goddess. And now tell me, do you like goddesses or real women, Mr. Davenant?

DAVENANT. If a man doesn't see the goddess in the woman, he does not love her.

GABRIELLE. But goddesses are so different in different countries. In our museums they are thin when they come from Italy, and fat when they arrive from Amsterdam. Do you like very young women—mere childs? I hope you do, for it was said that I looked like seventeen when sitting for that miniature.

DAVENANT. The artist who painted it had a great deal of talent. Who was he?

GABRIELLE. It was not a he; it was a she; nor would I sit to a man in veils. Now, Mr. Davenant, if you go on looking at that miniature you will say something naughty. Give it to me. (*She puts the miniature into the bodice of her dress.*)

DAVENANT. You gave it to me. It is mine; and it is the only thing that I have to remind me of you.

GABRIELLE. Do you wish to be reminded of your cowardice? Men seldom do. (*Rises and turns towards the door.* DAVENANT *intercepts her.*)

DAVENANT. No, you must give me back my property. Nothing goes from this room that comes into it.

GABRIELLE. Your property, Mr. Davenant? You speak to me as if I were a thief.

DAVENANT. Forgive me, but I must have my miniature.

GABRIELLE. You are thinking, not of me, but of your museum, for your house is like one. Is that so, Mr. Davenant?

DAVENANT. To some extent, yes.

GABRIELLE. Well, then, come and walk round this room with me and show me your little museum.

DAVENANT. The house that might have been yours.

GABRIELLE. But you did not come to Vienna! Ah, here is a portrait of yourself, and very like you. I am very glad your hair is turning grey, and I am glad you have moustaches and not drooping ones. That would be dreadful, for you have a horse's face. My face is like a cat's.

DAVENANT (*still pursuing her*). You must give me my miniature.

GABRIELLE. But why are you so greedy for this miniature? For I am a goddess in it, and you do not want a goddess, Mr. Davenant. You like natural things. I am freckled under the ear, where I always freckle. See! (*She shows him her ear.*)

DAVENANT. The freckles make a beautiful neck still more desirable (*she draws away*) by their naturalness.

GABRIELLE. I would keep the miniature and have the painter add some freckles. Do goddesses freckle, Mr. Davenant, or is it too cold up there for freckles?

DAVENANT. Gabrielle, listen. You did not write to Sebastian. You wrote to me. It was an accident that——

GABRIELLE. Ach! that horrid word—accident!

DAVENANT. The time has come to speak seriously. I would not play Sebastian false, but you do not love him, so you say. You are leaving him—returning to Vienna.

GABRIELLE. I did not say that I was returning to Vienna, not at once. I am going to Paris, to Dieppe, to Trouville, or some tiny little fishing village where I can bathe without being seen, which is what I like, for it gives me *des crampes* of every kind to think that somebody is watching me rise out of the seas in a seagown which is most unbecoming, exaggerating all one's little roundnesses.

DAVENANT. Which would not matter in your case, for you are as slight in nature as in the miniature which I must have.

GABRIELLE (*taking the miniature from her bosom, but holding it behind her back*). Now which would you prefer—to have the miniature to look at while I am away, or to come to see me when I return to Vienna?

DAVENANT. I may go abroad in the autumn, and we might meet in Venice.

GABRIELLE. It would be nice to meet you in Venice, and to sit in a gondola looking at the moon and listening to that noisy Italian music that would be dreadful elsewhere; but in Venice one likes it, and you could tell me your troubles holding my hand.

DAVENANT (*going to her*). Gabrielle, is this a promise?

GABRIELLE. Why should we not meet in Vienna? Everybody meets in Venice.

DAVENANT. But you said to hold your hand.

GABRIELLE. If I had not the miniature in my hand you might hold it now.

DAVENANT. Well, then, put back the miniature into your bodice.

(*She puts the miniature back into her bodice.*)

GABRIELLE. Now you can hold my hand, Mr. Davenant.

DAVENANT. Remember that I am but flesh and blood, and were I to go to Vienna I might ask you to love me.

GABRIELLE. Does one ask?

DAVENANT. I suppose not. (*He takes her in his arms.*)

GABRIELLE. We aren't in Vienna yet. (*He holds her.*) No, no, you must not kiss me.

DAVENANT. If you would not have me kiss you, why did you ask me to meet you in Vienna?

GABRIELLE. I do not know.

DAVENANT. A woman always knows. A man doesn't.

GABRIELLE. I swear, Mr. Davenant, that I do not know why——

DAVENANT. Yes, you do. Why did you come here to-night?

GABRIELLE. I do not know—an impulse. I am full of impulses.

DAVENANT. Turn your head and let me kiss you.

GABRIELLE. No, not on the mouth. (*He kisses her.*) Had I known that you would kiss me by force I would not have come here.

DAVENANT. But you are not angry?

GABRIELLE. No, not angry.

DAVENANT. Worse still—disappointed?

GABRIELLE. A man is always wrong to kiss a woman against her will.

DAVENANT. Gabrielle, I had to kiss you.

GABRIELLE. Did you desire it so much as that?

DAVENANT. An obligation incurred to Sebastian.

GABRIELLE. To kiss me!

DAVENANT. Yes, for only through my kiss could the truth be made known to you.

GABRIELLE. What truth?

DAVENANT. That you came here in anger, with an idea in your mind of revenge. Sebastian sent your poems to Mrs. Godby, and in somewhat vulgar parlance you came here determined to get even with him. But you couldn't, for you love your husband.

GABRIELLE. I think I hate you, Mr. Davenant.

DAVENANT. But why should you hate me?

GABRIELLE. I do not like sly men.

DAVENANT. Sly?

GABRIELLE. Yes, sly, for you would have me believe that your kiss was only intended to prove that I still love Sebastian.

DAVENANT. If you didn't love Sebastian, you would have kissed me.

GABRIELLE. Do you think so? Tell me why you think so. Tell me, Mr. Davenant, if it was only to wring the truth out of me that you kissed me, or are we still playing at comedy?

DAVENANT. In this world we are always playing a comedy of some sort, for nothing is quite true and nothing is altogether false. (*He rings the bell.*)

(*Enter* MARTIN.)

DAVENANT. Will you tell Mr. Dayne that I should like to speak to him?

GABRIELLE. So you think that I shall kiss and be friends again with my husband?

DAVENANT. I will not say I am sure, for one is sure of nothing.

GABRIELLE. And if I refuse, what then?

DAVENANT. You will lose an obedient lover, for when Sebastian returned here with Godby and I offered to relieve him of the tedium of telling you he was not the author of *Elizabeth Cooper,* he begged of me to tell you nothing.

GABRIELLE. That is a point in his favour; but why have you picked up that book, and why are you reading it? It isn't polite to read while you are talking to me.

DAVENANT. This book is an advance copy of his poems, and it is another point in his favour, for you will find all the poems dedicated to you. (*She takes the book of poems and looks through them.*) But one moment, Sebastian will be here in a few minutes. Give me my miniature.

GABRIELLE. I sent you this miniature before I married Sebastian, and I do not think you should have it.

DAVENANT. It seems to me that I have earned that miniature.

GABRIELLE. Well, perhaps you have, but let Sebastian never see it. (*She gives him the miniature.*)

(*Enter* SEBASTIAN.)

DAVENANT. Sebastian, I have good news for you. The Countess is prepared to forgive you.

GABRIELLE. Is disposed to forgive him?

SEBASTIAN (*to* GABRIELLE). You see now that all I told you of my cousin is true. But I did not praise enough. He is a kind, a good, and a true friend, and a great genius, for if he weren't he would never have persuaded you out of your cruel humour.

DAVENANT. Criticism and reproaches are from this moment forbidden, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN. I won't offend again, but how *did* you persuade her?

DAVENANT. I would not anticipate my old age, for in my old age I look forward to telling the story of the Countess's yielding to my persuasion when you both come from some distant country—Austria, perhaps Italy—bringing with you the children that I heard spoken of this morning, not forgetting the go-carts, the perambulator, the rocking-horses, and the hoops—all the shows of their happiness.

GABRIELLE. And how would you like the children to be—two little girls, or two little boys? Two little girls, dear Mr. Davenant; but I am not sure that myself and Sebastian would not prefer them mixed. But we will do all we can to oblige—shall we not, Sebastian? And now wilt thou be jealous if I kiss dear Mr. Davenant for all he has done for us?

(*Enter* MARTIN.)

MARTIN. Lady Letham, sir.

(*Enter* LADY LETHAM.)

DAVENANT. How do you do, Lady Letham? Let me introduce you to the Countess von Hoenstadt and to her husband, Mr. Sebastian Dayne, whom I think you have already met.

LADY LETHAM (*to* GABRIELLE). I am glad that Mr. Dayne did not return from Germany empty-handed.

GABRIELLE. No, indeed he didn't, and I'm afraid that I've already

proved myself somewhat of a handful. You do say somewhat of a handful in English, Lady Letham?

LADY LETHAM. We do. How well the Countess von Hoenstadt speaks English, Mr. Dayne.

MARTIN. Dinner is served, sir.

DAVENANT (*he gives* LADY LETHAM *his arm and turns to speak to* SEBASTIAN). If you choose to follow us, Lady Letham and I will be delighted to have your company; but it may be that you would prefer your company to ours, in which case you can take the Countess back to the "Three Kings"; and after dinner you can catch the last train back to Claremont Villa and spend the rest of your honeymoon there, if you like, unless you would prefer to go farther afield. The Countess was speaking to me just now of Paris, Trouville, and Etretat; but these things you must decide for yourself. Meanwhile the soup is getting cold.

(*Exeunt* LADY LETHAM *and* DAVENANT.)

SEBASTIAN. Say which you would prefer, Gabrielle—to dine here or with me alone at the "Three Kings"?

GABRIELLE. I have no thought for dinner just now. Let us sit for a while and talk. (*She goes towards the sofa and sits. He follows her.*) Read me your poems. (*Hands him the book.*)

SEBASTIAN. My book.

GABRIELLE. An advance copy. (*He begins to read.*)

(*Curtain.*)

Captain von Papen's Ditty Box (ii)

By "Ignotus"

THE next correspondent to be dealt with is Privy Councillor Heinrich Albert, attached to the German Embassy in Washington.

A bosom friend of von Papen's and Boy-Ed's, he seems to lack the incisive ruthlessness of the latter, for which he atones by considerably more subtlety.

He managed to stay in the States considerably after his friends had left, the date of his return to Germany being about March, 1917, *i.e.*, about the time America entered the war.

It is flattering to observe his praise of our organisation for combating enemy trade abroad, and instructive to contrast his definition of a truly neutral attitude with his two friends' nefarious activities, his own standpoint irresistibly recalling the story of the American who was "so durned nootral he didn't care who whipped Germany."

NEW YORK.
10th November, 1916.

The departure of the *Deutschland* gives me an opportunity of writing you; I would gladly have travelled by her myself, only there was no room, in view of the augmentation of the crew, and a supercargo was objected to.

A comparison of the German system of Embassy and Consulates being separated instead of the English system of the Consulates being subordinated to the Embassy works out very much to our detriment. The British have so far taken into account new needs and the change of conditions that they have provided the Ambassador here with a special adviser in the person of Sir Richard Crawford and a staff of competent officials.

Sir Richard Crawford deals with all war economic questions and directs the execution of all measures for combating German influence and business.

The control of English financial operations, the compilation of the Black List, and all the measures directed against Germany have been placed in his hands, and are consequently controlled from one central place, viz., the Embassy.

Unfortunately on the German side we have nothing to match this. The German organisation, on the contrary, has retained its former division of Embassy and Consulate, whose utility, even in times of peace, was not above suspicion.

The central point of interest now is naturally the outcome of the Presidential elections.

It is beyond question now that Wilson has a palpably independent position, freed as he is from the contemplation of his re-election, but it is to be feared that, as formerly, he will never be able to dissociate himself from havering and half-decisions, and consequently his lack of understanding of Germany and his predilection for the Allies unfit him for a truly neutral attitude.

People even fear that Wilson, who is thought to be revengeful, will avenge himself for wide German-American circles having voted for Hughes.

In consequence of this, we expect a revival of the old legal actions and an investigation against Rintelen, as well as a clear-cut position on the submarine question.

As regards submarine war, I hope from the bottom of my heart that, on the German side, it will be kept within the limits of the public pronouncements, for a breach of them would not only destroy our reliability, and confidence in Germany for an indeterminable period, but I should cherish the gravest doubts about the development of German-American conditions.

A formal, inexcusable loss of life would, in my opinion, unavoidably lead to a breach of diplomatic relations, and the latter, in the event of a fresh loss of human life, to the entry of the United States on the side of the Allies.

Von Papen's reply is not forthcoming, and this particular correspondence seems to have languished and died, for the only other letter from Albert that appears in the file is the following :—

BERLIN.
16*th March*, 1917.

Many thanks for your kind words of greeting upon my return.

My impressions on arriving here are serious.

In my opinion the American affair has been wrongly handled, and even though we were accustomed to such a thing, the question seems to me now to have become almost one of existence; here I find but little comprehension, and the Count (Bernstorff) finds the same.

I should like to explain the affair to Hindenburg or Ludendorff, as I am of opinion that there is still a good deal to be done, and time presses.

Can you do anything for me in this respect?

It will be noted that von Papen's position is by this time considered strong enough to secure the writer an interview with the two men at that date about the most important and hardest-worked of all those controlling Germany's destinies.

The next to occupy attention is Count Bernstorff, formerly German Ambassador at Washington, and though the two following letters were actually written to Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, at that date Imperial German Chancellor of State, they were found in von Papen's box, showing that he was being kept posted in the march of events, probably by the Count himself, with whom he maintained consistently friendly relations.

The first letter is as follows :—

RYE, N.Y. STATE.
26th August, 1916.

I have already notified Your Excellency that the War Intelligence Centre, New York, has been dissolved by order of the General Staff.

In return, doubts arose as to whether the Bureau of the military attachés should be carried on by Herr von Igel and Herr von Skal as arranged on the part of Herr von Papen at his departure.

As you are aware, a lawsuit is still pending against von Igel on account of his participation in the Welland Canal Expedition. Since, in regard to this, the Imperial Government has taken up the position that the person of von Igel as a member of the Embassy and the papers found in his possession are unimpeachable, it is, in my opinion, out of the question to announce his dismissal from the Embassy.

Such a step would very much weaken our standpoint.

The connection in New York with the Irish-Indian revolutionaries has been maintained since the departure of von Papen by von Igel or von Skal.

Herr von Skal keeps in touch with the Irish, for which he is peculiarly fitted, owing to his wide acquaintance in these circles, and, as before, enjoys their confidence.

The second letter is dated from Rye about a week later and explains that one Tauscher was charged in June, 1916, with being concerned with Papen, Igel, and others in conspiring to prepare and equip a military expedition from the United States against the Welland Canal in Canada in order to destroy it or to damage it with bombs, dynamite, and other explosives.

Tauscher privately offered the Embassy to plead guilty to being in close touch with matters the whole time, thus hoping to divert attention from the other participants, but eventually pleaded "Not guilty" and was acquitted.

The Ambassador then adds :—

The case was heard during the week in which the American troops were ordered to the Mexican frontier and consequently received less notice in the Press than would otherwise have been the case. We were very glad of this fact, as Herr von Papen is very deeply compromised, since he is only supposed to occupy himself in carrying out orders received.

Tauscher having been introduced by Count Bernstorff, let him speak for himself.

He wrote von Papen a letter of thanks on May 30, 1917, for having secured him the award of the Iron Cross (a very typical example of the deliberate affront to American feelings referred to in the anonymous letter already quoted), and again a fortnight later :—

BERLIN.
16th June, 1917.

I find it very touching that in the present eventful occurrences at the front you have found time to answer my letter. Since Wilson has

declared a state of war, by which he has certainly succeeded in his three chief aims :—

(1) Participation in the peace negotiations,
(2) The creation of a great army and navy,
(3) The creation of a great mercantile fleet,

the great thing for us now, above all, is to prevent an active participation in the war by America as far as possible on a *large* scale, and that can perhaps be attained, as you very correctly indicate, partly through passive, partly through active, political participation. Fortunately the American nation lacks a strong spiritual motive for taking part in this war, for it will not, in the long run, fall in with Wilson's reasons in favour of it, on so-called humanitarian grounds and democratic principles.

As I know from a certain source, war enthusiasm in America is already deepseated, and Wilson and the Anglo-American baiting Press are therefore trying, by all sorts of lying methods, cunningly to goad on the tone against Germany (*i.e.*, the story of the shooting of an American woman as a spy, etc.).

These circles would be only too pleased to see us deliver them the material for whipping into flame public opinion against us, as in the case of the regrettable Mexican Note; but this must in any circumstances be avoided, and consequently a preliminary passive military attitude on our part towards America is emphatically indicated. There must therefore be no dispatch of U-boats to the American coast; nay, even if it be in any way militarily indicated, no torpedoing of the first small shipments of troops of the so-called Pershing Expedition.

On the other hand, we could contribute a good deal to the anti-war feeling in America by a dexterous effective political activity, as well as by increasing the ever-widening breach between Wilson and the American people.

Just as he tries, in complete lack of appreciation of the conditions in Germany, to create a rift between Kaiser and people, so we could do the same, by alluding, for instance, to the dilemma of his arguments in the Russian Note.

As to the best manner in which this could be done, I am discussing matters with the War Office and the Foreign Office, and will report to you in due course.

With all sympathy for the present controller of our foreign policy, I do not consider him to be the right man, as America will certainly not discuss peace with him, on account of the Mexican Note, if for no other reason.

It is interesting to observe here and in other letters how averse those Germans *au fait* with American conditions were to an extension of the ruthless U-boat war, and how consistently the advice of those who knew best was ignored by the men at the helm of the German State.

The next correspondent to adorn the tapis is the rather sinister figure of Herr C. Dumba, ex-Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the United States, who, occupying himself during a time of peace in enemy activities against the country to which he stood accredited, shared the same fate as von Papen and Boy-Ed, being recalled by his country at America's request on account of his un-Ambassadorial conduct.

He was a man of marked literary ability, which was the reason for Papen's letter reproduced below, one of the few instances in which he kept a draft :—

IN THE FIELD.
7th December, 1916.

MOST HONOURED EXCELLENCY,

In the grey evenings of Artois, a remembrance of old times comes to light in the September number of *Fleischer's Review*.

I am glad to see from it that Your Excellency is working afresh and with activity, at the reorganisation of problems touching us all. The matter of the article is a pleasure to everyone who, besides the cares of daily battles, occupies himself with the solution of fundamental questions, and I am specially pleased that the idea of a Maritime Association of Neutrals, under the leadership of the United States, will once again come under discussion.

The hypothesis appears to me more important than ever, the guiding principle being to avoid a break with the States on the U-boat question; that must be the principal political aim, in spite of the increased severity of submarine war.

As Your Excellency very rightly emphasises, all the world's conditions trend to the safeguarding of free navigation in the future, and the Union will not be able to do without "entanglements with foreign alliances" unless, owing to bad diplomacy, we disturb the self-developing picture with a rough hand.

In that respect, conditions have hardly altered since we parted; despite Bucharest, and established hopes of further happy operations in other theatres of war as well, maritime supremacy can only be effectually eliminated in the manner detailed, and this war thereby be brought to its real ultimate aim.

I believe it would be an immense test of merit, if, in following up this idea entirely, Your Excellency would again give expression to the preponderating importance of friendly relations with the States. You will wonder why a soldier who has been so long on the Somme occupies himself with matters other than the thought of how the British are to be beaten here in the West, but my war experiences have not been in any way able to alter my political fields of desire in this respect.

Rather the contrary!

I am, most honoured Excellency,

Your devoted

FRANZ VON PAPEN.

This brought forth the following reply, which, as a matter of passing interest, was published in *The Times* of November, 1918 :—

JOCKEY CLUB, VIENNA.
4th January, 1917.

We are longing for peace, and all cling heart and soul to the hope that the year of peace has dawned. I am very flattered at your recognition of my efforts to clarify or at any rate to throw some light on the numerous problems which the world war is presenting.

Up till now, no one seems to have grappled with them seriously, and yet the questions will suddenly assume a stern reality.

The Swedish Minister-President, Hammerskiold, alone, a celebrated lawyer and arbiter at The Hague, has busied himself earnestly with the plan of convoying Swedish postal matter in Swedish warships to Kirkwall, and thence by American warships to New York, in order to escape the annoying search and seizure by the British.

It was only the anxiety and indecision of Wilson which baffled this good intention.

At the present moment we ought not to allow the peace offensive to become dormant, and we ought to strike while the iron is hot.

I am of opinion that we ought to announce throughout the world in definite official terms our very generous conditions regarding the restitution of Belgium and Northern France in exchange for the liberation of the African Colonies, and an extension of the latter. The cumulative force of this offer on the French and English peoples would be so great that the inclination for peace would be immensely strengthened thereby.

The effect on neutral countries also, such as North America, would be excellent: in the first instance, naturally, we want our peace offer to influence public opinion, which ought to exercise a constantly increasing pressure on the enemy Governments.

This aim would best be served by a step in the above direction, and to this end I will try and spread propaganda through private channels as well as through the Press, in the event of the Censor not seeing eye to eye with me.

Should I write an article for anything but the *German Revue* I will send you a copy.

The generous conditions outlined will no doubt raise a passing smile, as also his ingenious method of getting to windward of the Censor. America was at this time balancing on the lip of the war crater, and consequently a letter from Herr Koepke of the German Foreign Office, another of von Papen's friends, is apposite.

It will be noticed that this gentleman, like Herr Dumba, believes in guiding discussions into "sensible channels" by means of his pen, which almost looks as if the German, in his secret heart, and despite his love of the sword, believed the pen to be the mightier:—

BERLIN.
5th January, 1917.

I have taken over the newly-started *War Aims Review* and am fully occupied with its development.

Little though it looks like peace at the moment, the discussion of peace possibilities and war aims is brisk in all countries, and the task of the *Review* is to keep a permanent supervision of all these and, as far as possible, guide the ensuing discussions into sensible channels.

I personally am of the same opinion as before, that no juridical considerations will be able to prevent war with America if she does not think it impracticable on economic and political grounds. It were safer and better on all grounds, according to my view, if one were to keep in line and maintain peace with America, that is to say, drop at least all systematic intensification of a ruthless U-boat war.

As regards the foolish and impolitic bearing of our Press against America, in spite of the censorship and all the modifications which war conditions preserve to the application of our laws, there is not much to be done against these attacks of journalistic delirium.

Meantime von Papen's subterranean activities in Mexico had come to light, and, speaking quite dispassionately, it is

doubtful whether any incident since the sinking of the *Lusitania* in April, 1915, inflamed opinion in America more than the disclosure of Germany's duplicity in her dealings with Mexico.

As illustrative of how deeply the German Foreign Office was involved the following letter has an interest all its own :—

SECRET

BERLIN.
11th March, 1917.

GREATLY HONOURED HERR VON PAPEN,

Although the Mexican affair has now been taken over by the Foreign Office for "official" treatment, I still think it necessary to send Dieger to Mexico to send us accurate news of the real situation, especially as to which of the local despotic lords ought, in the first instance, to be supported. Furthermore, it appears to me to be of the greatest value, in all respects, to arrange through Dieger for an independent and permanent news and financial connection.

Dieger moves over here in the next few days, and will be able to depart in from two to three weeks.

Herewith, as you desire, your military reports of the summer of 1914 on Mexico; please return them quickly.

(Signed) VON HULSEN.

P.S.—I beg you to destroy this letter after digesting it.

(To be continued.)

Chapters from Childhood (ii)

Reminiscences of an Artist's Granddaughter

By Juliet M. Soskice

We three little ones had a special mission of our own, although it was all part of the same work. It was the reformation of policemen. Of course, we understood very well that if we could get them on our side it would be a very great thing. We felt nervous when we undertook the work, but Olive told us that that kind of agitation was quite within the law until the policemen had actually *begun* to rebel against their chiefs. Then, of course, it would be a case of save yourself whoever can. I think she looked it up in some sort of Blue Book before we started. She was always getting worried and looking things up because she was so anxious that no mistakes should be made.

What we had to explain to the police was that it was most unfair to put a man in prison merely for taking what he needed from another man who had more than the first man had. There are so many riches in the world that there is no reason why every man should not have enough for himself, and if the second man has too much and can't be persuaded by kindness to share it with the first man who hasn't enough then the first man has every right to take it from the second by force. The second man depends entirely upon the armed supporters of the law, who are the police and military, to aid and abet him in his greediness, and every right-minded policeman should feel ashamed to strike a blow in such a horrid cause. That was our programme in a nutshell.

We took the banner, the smaller one, with us to give us confidence, and we arranged it as we went along. We had

simply to hem the police in as they stood at their corners so that we could force them to listen to us. I was to stand in the middle holding the banner in front of me and I was to begin the address.

The policeman nearest to us was at the corner of Avenue Road in the St. John's Wood Road. We came down from Primrose Hill in a row with the banner flying. We didn't mind the people stopping to stare after us. We were used to being stared at even when we hadn't got the banner with us, because Aunt Lucy always dressed us in Artistic style, and we were busy listening to Helen explaining to us exactly what to do. We took some copies of the paper with us, but the police were not to pay for them.

Helen really thought that there might be some chance of our being arrested and dragged off to prison, but she said we were not to mind, because other people had been through far worse. She said that the police did really sometimes go beyond their duty, but that we were in the right and we ought to be ready to die if necessary. But in any case there was not the slightest danger of our being executed or anything really serious. She herself wouldn't have minded being executed in the very least. She didn't say so, but I am sure she wouldn't. She was very brave, although she had a cough and was so thin and delicate. Once she cut her finger open and wrote a document in her own blood swearing that when she was dead she would rise from the grave if it were possible and walk into our bedroom so that we might really know once for all whether it were possible for the spirit to exist without the body or not. Helen thought she was going to die quite soon because of her weak chest, and other people thought so too. But she wasn't at all frightened. She said it was absolutely the only way of finding out for certain several things she wanted to know. She was not religious. Once she put Mary's doll out of the bedroom window-sill in the soaking rain and made us pray to God to keep it dry as a sign that He really did exist and was able to do anything He wanted. When we took it in in the morning you wouldn't have known it for the same creature. Helen said that it was a sure sign that there wasn't any God, because if there had been He would have been only too happy to save our souls by anything so simple. Mary nearly cried when she saw the

sodden, shapeless mass. But she stopped herself because she had really meant to offer it as a sacrifice. She thought it meant that there *was* a God and He had wanted to punish us for being so presumptuous and uncertain. Helen did not have dolls or she would have used one of her own. We buried her document behind a loose brick in the old wall at the bottom of Acacia Road, and whenever we went past she made a sort of Freemason sign with her finger to show that she remembered it and was going to keep her vow.

Mary was so frightened by what Helen had said about the executions that she had nearly begun to cry before we reached the bottom of St. Edmund's Terrace, which was quite near the first policeman. She was afraid we really might be executed by some mistake. She said that terrible mistakes were made. Once a poor man was hanged three times and nearly killed before they found out it wasn't the right man. If the rope hadn't broken they'd never have found out then.

I felt sorry for Mary. She was small and fat and her face was broad. She often used to get anxious about things. She liked digging up remains in the back garden and wondering what they were. Once she dug up some bones and was certain they belonged to a victim who had been buried by a murderer as you read about it in the paper. She was frightened, but Helen said no, they were some chicken bones abandoned by the cat, and so they were. And she dug up a scrap of paper, and was sure she could see traces of a Mysterious Message written on it, but we couldn't see anything. We put it under the microscope and there was nothing written on it at all. But she said she could see it, so she kept it. When she dug up an old piece of glass or tin she used to believe they were Roman remains because she said she was sure it was the Romans who had begun to build the waterworks at the foot of Primrose Hill. She didn't believe it really, but she wanted to so much that she almost did. She wasn't very brave and she used to cry a good deal because she was always being frightened by the grave things Helen talked about.

Helen stopped short in the middle of the road and began to scold her. Her face was quite white with anger. She said, "Coward, coward, coward only fit for nursing dolls and hemming pocket-handkerchiefs." She said we

must fight, fight, fight. All the great men and women in the world had lived fighting and died fighting. If we were afraid of a perfectly peaceful policeman now where should we be when the Social Revolution came?

She began to cough in the middle and Mary gave way at once. Everyone gave way to her when she began to cough because it made them so sorry for her. It shook her so and made her look so thin and ill.

I secretly hoped that the policeman would not be at his corner. But he was. He had just settled down in it again after a short walk to and fro. He wasn't going to move again just then.

He was a very broad and tall policeman with a large head and fat red cheeks. His eyes were blue and turned up at the corners. They weren't bright, but they were very gay and kind.

We stood in a row in front of him just as we had said we would. I held the banner with one hand and the papers with the other, so I felt that I was rooted to the spot. It was a horrid feeling.

I fancy he must have thought us very small because he stooped right down with a hand on each knee to look at us. He smiled right across his face. He was just like the giant in our picture-book when he stooped down and looked at Jack and was thinking how glad he was that he was going to eat him.

His face was quite near mine and I felt sure that he was going to take a bite out of my cheek. But it was the banner that attracted him. He was trying to read what was pasted on it, but I knew he couldn't because some of the letters were turned the wrong way round and they were a good many different sizes.

He said, "That's a pretty thing you've got there. What's writ across it?"

His voice was a little hoarse, as though he used to have a sore throat rather often. I daresay it was ruined by standing in the damp. But he himself was not rough.

I knew what I ought to say but I couldn't think of it. It was because of the banner and the papers and being rather near. If I could have run across the road and stood on the other side I could have explained quite well.

I held up the Literature and said:

"Would you read the paper, please?"

This was stupid, because of course he wouldn't want to read the paper until he had had it properly explained to him.

Mary's eyes and mouth were quite wide open she was so frightened. Helen couldn't wait any longer. She was always impatient. She began to help and she did it beautifully.

First she pointed out each word on the banner with her finger and explained exactly what it meant and the policeman was interested. Then she flung the hair back off her shoulder and put her hand on her hip. She always stood like that when she was giving explanations. Her face looked very affectionate and truthful and her voice went up and down a little, something like Aunt Lucy's. She explained our whole programme from beginning to end, not only that part especially for the use of the police.

She said there was no reason why policemen shouldn't have things just as nice as a king. They were both human beings. It was only just an *accident* that one had been born a king and the other a policeman. If the other had been born a king and the one a policeman nobody would have noticed the difference. A policeman was as good as any king, in fact, better, because he was honest and cheap and worked for his living, while a king was useless and expensive and only kept for showing off.

The policeman hitched up his belt with both his thumbs and said:

"Ah, that's what they call Socialism, that is. What's yours is mine, and what's mine's my own sort o' business, eh?"

Helen said:

"What is is everybody's," very gravely.

"That'll want a deal o' putting straight that will if ever that comes in," said the policeman, and he hitched himself up all round again and stamped both his feet, first one and then the other. "That'll take a deal o' thinking of."

"Well, but will you think about it?" Helen said. Her face looked shining and transparent like the face of the little boy Christ talking to the old Jews in the picture in the Tate Gallery.

"Ah, but it wants wiser heads than mine to think about

it," said the policeman. "All the thinking I could do wouldn't make it come no clearer. You want a lot of learning to understand such things. People says one thing and people says another, and from what I can hear they're all a-contradicting of 'emselves and of each other. I don't take much notice of it."

"Well, but will you read the paper?" Helen said. "You'll find a lot about it there. I am sure it will be a help to you."

"*Will* I read the paper?" he said. "Of course I will." And I gave him one and he took it in his great podgy hand and wrenched himself round and hoisted up his coat-tails and rammed it down into his trousers pocket. Then he swung himself straight again and bobbed up and down and jerked his knees in and out, and stooped again and touched my face with his first finger. It felt just as big and heavy as one of those long, leathery sausages we used to have for supper before the page-boy's mother came.

"I never seen cheeks so red, nor yet eyes so blue," he said, "and what a lot of hair as soft as silk. I reckon you don't like havin' that brushed out of a evenin'!"

I didn't know what to say. One never does when people make personal remarks.

"I've got a little lass your size," he said, "with hair that colour, and she makes a rare fuss when her mother puts it into papers of a evenin'."

. . . . .

Mary crept into my bed in the night. We had three beds in a row in the night-nursery. She was quite cold and frightened again. She couldn't forget the poor man who had been hanged three times. But she said, "Don't tell Helen, because she'll say. 'Coward, coward, coward,' and I can't bear it."

She simply worshipped Helen. She used to stand sometimes for a long time quite still behind her chair in the schoolroom when she was doing her lessons in the evening. Sometimes she would stroke her hair quite gently and Helen would fling it back off her shoulder and flash round and say, "Oh, bother you!" and Mary used to say, "I didn't think you'd feel it," and stand still again. When Helen wrote the bloody document about beyond the grave

Mary cried because she couldn't bear to think that Helen might be going to die. Only she always said, "Don't tell Helen," because Helen would have *scorned* her for it.

I tried to comfort her about the man who had been hanged three times. I said I'd make a poem about it and she wouldn't be frightened any more when she saw it properly explained. The first verse came at once as soon as I began to think about it:

> "Three times, three times was he strung up,
> Three times, three times he fell,
> The Minions of the law were there,
> The Clergyman as well. . . .

I wrote poems about everything that interested me. I had a whole book full of them. Some were very sad, and some were cheerful One began:

> "A bloody, bloody King thou wast!"

It was called *An Ode to King John*, but Helen looked over my shoulder and put in *Or any King* in brackets. She was a dreadful enemy of kings. I wrote the ode after Aunt Lucy read us about how King John had tried to put out Prince Arthur's eyes in Shakespeare's play

When I thought of a new poem in the night I used to escape from the governess early in the morning and run down to my aunt's bedroom to tell her about it. I sat on a chair beside the dressing-table while she was twisting her hair up, in her petticoat-bodice, in front of the glass. I recited the poem before it was written down.

Uncle William would be in bed with his nice white night-cap on and the sheets up to his chin. He used to raise himself up on his elbow to listen, and used to laugh and say:

"Bravo, bravo, my little girl!"

And Aunt Lucy used to leave go of her hair and stoop down and kiss me and tell me what she thought about it. She always said at the end:

"Write about everything that interests you, little dear, and if you can't write it in poetry, write it in prose."

And I did. I wrote a book of stories besides and a play in verse. But it hadn't enough *incident* in it to be acted.

(*To be continued.*)

If this be Error

By G. E. Eyden

I

MARTA sat in the dim light nursing deep self-pity. The osier seat of the rickety cottage chair creaked at her every movement and added to her fret.

This evening again, Vybart was out, and, sitting there alone in his room, Marta was oppressed by its assertiveness of him, by the aggressive permeation of his individuality through his very chattels. She hated his chambers. The sitting-room overlooked a dreary narrow well between the dark backs of two high London buildings, and the constant half-light threw into permanent distortion the modelled faces of the plaster plaques hanging over the mantelpiece, while it softened the deliberate grotesquerie of the chipped Noh masks which grimaced above the bookcase. Violent colour-prints of ultra-modern tendency befriezed the walls. A disabled chest of drawers was laden with pewter and glass, a dusty huddle. The old furniture was casual and "unrestored," and Marta's experience of its snares had long ago taught discretion in the selection of a visiting wardrobe. The ever-open desk was littered with books and papers; from its careless drawers projected dog's-ears and ends of string.

Loathing dimness, dust, and disorder, she sat amongst it with an air of distaste and thought wistfully of her own little flat, from whose gay and sun-embraced rooms Vybart recoiled waywardly. Postulating his genius, he would explain convincingly his need of self-chosen surroundings for the fullest development of his art, and as he found Marta's distracting in their variegation and unstimulating through their very comfort he avoided them.

She was sure that Vybart was a genius. The definitions of genius are many and conflicting, yet it seemed to her that he strangely fulfilled them all in the extraordinary

multiplicity of his temperamental manifestations. All save one, that is. There was nothing akin to madness in him. Rather she found his actions based on an almost incredible sanity, which held the enduring affection of his friends and the active dislike of the many who failed to appreciate this unusual attribute.

To Marta he was the very joy of existence—and at times, in equal exaggeration, her despair. For some weeks now despair had been in the ascendant, with occasional cleaving flashes of an ecstasy of love and understanding which she would have given worlds to retain as her lasting beacon of life. To-night her spiritual gloom was so thick that for her own salvation she was seeking a way out. She dreaded that her weakness would drive her along the line of least resistance, which was—marriage with Henderson.

To be married—to Henderson! In bond . . . .

Suddenly she rose and crossed to the open door of the bedroom. Pausing on the threshold she looked round the little room, and, in an abnormal flash of objectivity, saw herself as the intruder, the one incongruity. The meagre toilet articles of a man of simple habits possessed the tables: her own essentials were secretively locked into an unbetraying suitcase. The hard little bed, though ample for two who slept in love, was designed for one. What claim had she?

From beneath the pillow bunched out a pyjama jacket, negligently folded by a hurried charwoman, and a down-hanging sleeve swayed softly in the draught. Her eye fell on the sleeve. She pounced, dragged the jacket out, and flung herself across the bed with her face pressed in the flannel bundle, breathing the personal scent which lingered in the woollen stuff. Tears came full and soaking like the heavy shower which is the thunderstorm's prelude, until, as she wept, it seemed to her that she had been always weeping, that she must weep for ever; and for a time the cause of her distress became subordinated to the painful pleasure of this physical relief.

She began to sob aloud. The storm had broken.

Louder and louder she sobbed, and then in despairing abandonment talked thickly to herself: "Oh, Vy! Oh, Vy! . . . to leave you . . . my dear . . . dear . . . What shall I do? Oh . . ." The last hold went.

Slipping to her knees on the ground she beat her head wildly against the mattress and rocked her body from side to side, till she flagged from exhaustion and writhed quietly, with hoarse gasps: "So lonely . . . lonely. No one to help. What am I to do?"

Click! The door from the corridor opened and she was stilled suddenly as she heard Vybart cross the tiny hall and enter the sitting-room. She crouched there trying to muffle the tell-tale rasp of the breath in her parched throat. If only he would go out again without discovering her abject tears!

She listened to his adroit movements through the furniture in the dark room—he never did anything clumsily—then a vesta scratched and one side of his face was full in her view illumined by the first faint lamplight. The profile and rough-cut planes of the high cheek-bone were almost those of a Mohawk. Marta alone knew how the quick bright eyes could soften and the sombre mouth grow tender; her hand twitched to stroke the thick brown hair which would show golden lights under her smoothing. To her dismay, a dry sob escaped her.

Vybart turned. "Hello, Marta. I thought you must be out," he said, and went quickly to her.

"What are you doing down there? Not crying—crying again?" There was a wonderful patience in his tone. His careful restraint hurt her. She freed herself from his arms and quickly arranged her hair before the mirror, trusting that the soft masses might relieve the harsh ugliness to which tears had coarsened her face.

"Yes," she said. "I'm sorry."

They went to the sitting-room and sat down in silence, she with head averted and he watching her miserably. So intimately did she know his consciousness of her that she realised as almost tangible the concentration of his effort for temporary self-abnegation. She did not trust herself to speak first; she must try to meet his imposed calm with equal discretion if they were to avoid a scene. And yet—a scene! With timid savagery she pictured it—violent words from both, a chance for those long-planned retorts of hers that should sting him, hurt . . . No, that would precipitate a crisis, and she was afraid.

When he spoke it was with the prepared repression she

expected—and resented, in her impotent envy of his self-control.

"Don't you think we ought to talk this thing right out, Marta? With sheer honesty, you know. Just tell me all about it—I won't interrupt."

"But it only bothers you. The old complaints—there are so many, and there's no way out. . . . You know yourself there isn't a way . . . or you won't find one . . . you won't understand . . . you——"

"Come, come, my dear. Now be very quiet—it's the best way."

In the would-be colourless tone the sensitive voice yet held a tinge of soothing indulgence, and this moved the girl's latent hysteria to further tiresome tears. Vybart moved to the edge of the big chair on which she sat, and put a gentle arm round the shaking shoulders.

"Come," he repeated. "Dead straight."

In detached phrases, now running smooth, now ungracefully muffled or broken by the catarrhal pressure from prolonged weeping, she flung at him his responsibility for her self-commiseration. It was an old tale, she said, this of the man's work and the woman's love. At first she had found the assurance of his love enough to over-ride all other claims—but she had soon given in to something stronger than herself. She wanted more, much more, than this patchwork life of theirs. For two years now she had suffered an inner life of sharp mental conflict between the urge of her adoration of him to make demands on his time and interest, and the more impersonal wish to give him freedom for the work in which they both believed while offering the rest or solace of her companionship whenever he needed her. But she was beaten by her urgent love. She was too much a woman—too little an altruist.

There had been humiliation in admitting the discovery even to herself, but when in their habit of frankness she had confessed her pettiness to him, she was sure she had snapped the first thread that bound them. And that was the worst of all. Now nothing mattered but that he should give more of himself to her, and less to his work. She might seem stupidly selfish, but she was fighting to come first—she *must* come first, or . . .

"But you are first," he murmured. "There's simply no question about that."

Pshaw! First! If she came first, she said flaringly, why did he not marry her? Of course she knew his dread of settled conditions, his fear that the comfortable influence of domesticity would spoil that freshness of attack which had made his great play so irresistibly compelling. She understood well, too, what the critics meant when they spoke of the blithe fierceness of his style, and she realised how the distinctive, quaint asperity of his literary execution was whetted on the harshness of his habits of life and his free encounters with the hard-bitten intellects he preferred. So she had tried—harder than he might suppose—to be helpful, by a negative policy of no interference, no criticisms, no exactions, until she was becoming a mere nothing! He had assumed that she was happy until her recent outbursts had undeceived him. Even then he made no attempt . . .

"But you have never explained exactly what you want of me!" he interposed.

What she wanted? Well, she could tell him that, though it was crying for the moon. She wanted marriage—it was her right—but . . .

"Then why not?"

His work, of course. He knew her appreciation of its quality and her faith in its potential influence on the march of mankind. She had been willing to be—an accessory after the fact. But no longer. The years were passing; she was nearly thirty, and she was missing so much of what life should give her—the right to stand by his side before the world, the pride of sharing his name, the joy of bearing his children. It was the old cry of the female; but then, she was only a woman, and she was being denied everything—everything . . .

"Oh, Marta . . . It seemed that we had so much. I thought there had never been anything like this love of ours."

In the low-spoken words there was an unfamiliar cowed note which arrested the girl's self-centred plaintiveness. He must be deeply hurt. With half-conscious penitence she slackened the rigidity of her pose, and moved her cheek along his shoulder. He responded greedily to the faint

caress. Marta found something pitiful in his eagerness to gather her into his arms, and in his choice of conciliatory endearments. The force of his dominant independence had for the first time relaxed before the lover's fear of losing his mistress; and she experienced a momentary timidity before the succession of this secondary weaker personality discovered by her vehemence.

So Delilah must have felt when first she saw her Samson's shorn head.

It was in her anxious wish to recover him to himself, her master, that she so far forgot her smarting egotism as to press her "I'm so sorry" and kiss his mouth. His lips were slack and unnaturally cold; it was disturbing. Involuntarily she began to elaborate an apology. She did not wish to be so bitter, she said appealingly, but surely there was excuse for her in the disabilities under which she shared with him these snatches from their separate careers. The necessary secrecy, the difficult lies, the wearing furtiveness of it all that had brought her to the limit of endurance, did not touch him. Though his friends accepted their union at its true value, she had been obliged to consider her parents, who could never understand or forgive it. All this chafing for an attachment that was so imperfect!

"Listen to me, Marta," he interrupted. "We'll end it all; we'll be married as soon as you like. To-morrow?"

"No, no." She spoke definitely, but her fingers began to philander with the brown locks whose golden lights would gleam for her touch. "I have told you I am crying for the moon."

"But you do understand, don't you, how terribly I want to be married to you? You know I would never have compromised on these broken fragments if it were not for the——"

"——work," she finished, half-satirical, wholly wistful. "You bear me out; it's the work first."

"My girl, I must have you; married or not, as you decide—but I must have you. I need you desperately. . . As for my work, it is all a gift to you, and you know it! . . . I need you, Marta."

"We'll go on as we are. You are utterly right, Vy."

They clung to one another with the renewed vitality of reconciliation. Out of love's unique illusion that minds

and bodies were blended and fused, he whispered his exultant belief to her: "We've found it, my dear one; we've found it!"

With one eye buried in scrubbed discomfort under the lapel of her lover's jacket, Marta opened the other inquiringly as the circular lamp-flame suddenly spurted point-wise. Her blurred gaze fell on the Noh masks above the bookcase. Was Comedy winking askew at his neighbour Tragedy? . . . She made another cyclopean effort; and now they seemed vaguely superimposed, composite. Tragi-comedy.

She laughed. "Yes, we've found it!" she said.

II

It was always so, she told herself next morning.

She awoke mentally lulled, saturated by the night-long consciousness of his nearness—a sweetly-pervasive complacency. Revelling in it, she stirred slightly to look with curiosity at the expression of the sleeper's face: her own sensation of shared ease was reflected in the placid, almost smug, set of the heavy mouth.

Yes, it was always so. Every mood of hers was plastic under the delicate control he had exercised of late. Her alienation of last night had been phenomenal, for till then not even to herself had she formulated her scattered grievances in the one welling plaint which had seemed so vital in the utterance; yet he had brought her back. His defeat was his conquest, for the manner of it had proved to her the inevitability of his love.

She was pleased that her slight movement woke him to an instantaneous smile of recognition, and enjoyed the soft clamour of their reciprocal disclaimers of any will to accept sacrifices. He would cancel appointments, curtail his sacred writing-periods; she, magnanimous, would have none of it, would struggle to transfer her absorption in him to other interests—her neglected music, the forsaken career. But to-day—they would have to-day; they would both concede that, and to-night Marta would return to her flat.

So the morning promised warm happiness. Marta's reassurance seemed complete; she gaily relinquished an hour of him in order that he might keep an appointment

with a publisher, postpone others: he would be with her by noon.

The hour passed and relentlessly gave place to another. Noon came. Marta peered through the high window at the oblong patch of visible sky, and found it gilded blue, stirring desire for such a loitering day in the country as they both loved. But Vybart did not come. The time of waiting was unendurably long, disappointment and uncertainty stretching each moment to the utmost.

Until long after the luncheon hour she hoped for his return, and then the dull internal grind of impatience quickened to stabbing thrusts of anger. It was useless to remind herself that the cause of his delay would be the result of a nicely-balanced process of judgment—that, unlike hers, his comparative values were rather mathematical than emotional. She was sick of his rationality.

The turbulence of yesterday was rising again. Tears began to spring as she recalled the forlorn expectation of many similar hours whose bitterness was never entirely removed by the unfailing appeasement of his explanation.

There was no room for her in his life.

But—Henderson?

With abrupt decision she broke into passionate activity.

. . . . . .

Evening found her in retreat at her father's home, the pleasant, flower-bound house of the Midland country doctor. Her arrival did ignominiously little to disturb her parents' equable routine—her own hazard, she admitted to herself, for it was quite a dozen years since her revolt against rural inertia had forced their assent to her migration to town. They asked no questions, and barely heard her perfunctory chatter of events, the village pump the axis of their little world.

Why should she care for these people who shared nothing with her but the blood that ran in her veins?

At table the familiar annoyance surged at her father's self-engrossment—betrayed by his old habit of humming mournfully while he broke his bread, the floor vibrating as he tapped his foot in a weird syncopation. Her mother was lovingly attentive to her wants, but rather, Marta recognised, with the instinct of hospitality than of maternity. They had lost the habit of her.

She escaped to the delightful old garden. From the house followed faint strains of "La Traviata," bringing a disquieting contraction of memory, a vision of a long-legged child with straight black hair and impatient mouth, coerced into playing pianoforte duets with her mother, who, gently reproachful at the too intrustive time-beats of the small "secundo," would languish with exasperating smeariness through her favourite passages. How little their relations had altered: they understood no more of one another now than then. Why should she consider them? The simple affections of her earlier years had been annihilated by the great emotion of her life. Why had she ever considered them, so adding to the moral havoc of her two years' association with Vybart? Ah, well, there would be no need for further deception, for they were fond of Henderson and would be delighted if . . .

If!

At the end of the long garden, past the herbaceous border, with its crude clumps of vivid colour and complex scent of honey, she stood, and tried to capture something of the elusive peace of the September evening. Low through the slight fence the barley stems glimmered blue: she marked vaguely the purplish mist of ripe haws and elderberries which topped the ragged hedgerows of the field beyond. The rattle of a distant harvester reached her with pleasant suggestion: from the house the tinkle of the piano still came intermittently. She watched the bees' ruthless violation of the wonderful snapdragon flowers, the assiduous food-quest of the autumnal-tinted robin, and the purposeful swirl of the gnats—all so challenging to her own hesitation.

When the sinking sun had robbed field and garden of colour until only the greenery enjoyed its fleeting prominence, she returned to the house to write two letters. One was to Vybart, merely forecasting change of scene for a week or two; the other offered Henderson a date two weeks ahead, that or nothing!

Her sentences were wooden, she thought.

III.

Marta stood by the dressing-table of the comfortable bedroom and manicured her nails unnecessarily and pains-

takingly. Once, when the scissors cut incautiously into the cuticle so that the delicate rim of skin was quickly underlined with blood, she sucked it solicitously—hungrily. She was absorbed in the meticulous employment.

It was the evening of her wedding-day, and the crowded course of the past fortnight had at last reached cessation and breathing-space in this quiet London hotel. To-morrow they would continue the motor-tour of her husband's planning, in which she had apathetically acquiesced.

To-morrow. To-morrow she would have no right to remember Vybart—beyond the performance of her final duty to him in acquainting him with the fact of her marriage—but to-day had been filled with sharp contrasts which made her receive her husband's kisses with hidden hostility and his gentlest touch with tingling resentment. In dismayed apprehension of the greatest tax of all that would be made on her—so soon now—she wrenched her preoccupied gaze from her fingers to her watch.

Well, she could only pray that she had chosen the best for Vybart and—herself. Clutching her fingers about the scissors, she looked shrinkingly round the room whose impersonal air was already beginning to give way to an absurd effect of intimate occupation, caused by the mingling of their brushes on the toilet-table and the symmetrical arrangement of the bed-clothes invitingly turned down V-wise on each side. She felt faintly sick. Yet there should be nothing to fear—he was good and kind and clean. And to-morrow they would continue the tour, and again, as to-day, she would sit beside him in the car, wondering at the fresh fairness which disguised his incipient elderliness, handling tactfully the small egotisms into which, like most men who wake late to woman's sympathy and interest, he was gradually drifting. She must cultivate an insensibility towards his occasional banalities and inarticulate phrases, for she knew she could not respond eternally to the wearisome "H'm, h'm, you know what I mean" which tagged his statements, or crush the temptation to mimicry of his playful quips such as had goaded her that afternoon in his reiterant "Here we go round the mulberry bush" whenever the car turned a corner. Strange that she had not noticed these things before. Indeed, she had found him a good comrade, and had been genuinely irritated when, in her

description of him to Vybart, she had so failed to do him justice as to earn for him the nickname of "The Champion Heavyweight." But then, of course, Vy's insight was so certain, his tongue so crafty. . . Contrasts again! Thank heaven, Henderson was ignorant even of her friendship with Vybart, and could never suspect these tragic comparisons that must poison the days till time staled the process.

Yes, there would be bitter, bitter days. Vy would suffer, too, for they were surely the most naturally-mated pair in the world, and she had put the sword of forbiddance between them: had not he himself described them as temperamentally monogamic? Yet if she had married him—she was shot through with pain at the thought of it—the wastage of his genius would have brought lifelong regret to them both; while under the past arrangement her misery was constraining him to a parallel unhappiness. Foolish to go over this ground again!

But how he would suffer at first! The mobile face would set and the sombre mouth grow heavier—she knew so well its every possible expression. They had shared such love and laughter, such enthusiasms and contempts; perversely she recalled their flagrant amusement at his wilful misconstructions, his Rabelaisian drolleries, so odious in anyone else. Other memories caught and held her, and though she tried to shake herself free there clung the involved bitter-sweet sense of their last tempestuous night together. Was she right—or was her conviction that she was making a romantic renunciation a mere sophistry, nothing more than the piqued and jealous impulse of the elemental woman? If she could only discuss it with him! Never had she needed him as at this moment.

Again she glanced round the room, and again the faint nausea of fear seized her.

She started violently as someone tried the handle of the door, and then, suddenly aware of the futility of her occupation, she pushed aside scissors and file and opened to her husband. She looked dazedly at his conventional immaculateness, his pleasant face, the strained pathos of a monocled astigmatic eye mocked by the wrinkling humour of its fellow, and only saw in the good friend of years a stranger to whom she was under the most binding of life's obligations. He, barely masking his embarrassment at having

thus forestalled her readiness for bed, made a search for his tobacco pouch the pretext for intruding on her preparations. The infallible comparison rose, the inept volubility of his genial annoyance at finding the pouch almost empty starting a picture of the single easy gesture with which Vybart would have conveyed the same discovery. "Oh, Vy!" she breathed, as Henderson retired with a hint that he would just smoke a pipe before turning in.

Oh, Vy! The smoking of a pipe of tobacco lay between her and the final severance from her mate. For Vy *was* her mate, and this marriage was nothing less than an impious abuse of their pure loyalty: why had she done it? Her knees were weak as jelly and her skin chill with repulsion. She could never go through with it.

At only a short half-hour's distance from her he was probably sitting under his lamp, abandoned to the creative genius that had driven her to this pass, and peacefully unaware of her martyr's anguish. Only half-an-hour away! In half-an-hour a man could smoke a pipe of tobacco!

Slowly she unhooked her pretty frock, took it off carefully and hung it in the wardrobe. Then she bent over her trunk and lifted her clothes out layer by layer. She was panting now, and her hands began to move faster—faster—till the scurrying fingers beat aside the unwanted frailer garments and snatched the simple street-wear from beneath. In five minutes she was ready.

Outside, moon and stars and electric arcs and the lit owl-eyes of vehicles were but so many confused points of light pricking a dark curtain through which she must break her way eastward. The streets were rippling with homebound theatre-goers, but for her there were only two people in the world, the pulsing atom that was herself, and the other to whom she was hurrying. Sometimes she walked and sometimes ran, too cumbered in intent to think of other locomotion. It was nearly midnight when she stumbled up the grey stone staircase to his chambers. If he should be out! But no, there was a promising dull glow behind the fanlight.

He admitted her without surprise, and with laughter for the feminine immortal capriciousness that had brought her back as unreasonably as it had taken her away. Her effervescent relief subsided to a horrid flatness: was that all he

saw in her return? What would he say when she told him?

Under the lamp she found that his eyes and mouth had the slight fixity of mental abstraction; he was just finishing a scene, he said, and must not lose his grip; if she would sit quite still for a little while—— Impossible! intolerable! She clutched him imploringly. The impetus of her desperate attack drove away the abstraction and re-directed his interest, and he clung to her as she to him. To-night he must be solely hers. For a time her disastrous folly was forgotten in the overwhelming mutual gladness of their reunion; they were the only people in the universe, as this room was its core—permeated as ever by her lover's vivid personality, but now soothing, even desirable, in its welcome of her. From the sanctuary of Vybart's warm embrace the day's important events seemed a hazy dream-farce.

But she must tell him! This fillip to her excitement made her cheek glow against his so that he pushed her off to arms' length and examined her flushed face.

"You're tired. . . . It is very late for such a tired woman. Come, dearest. You will find your suitcase under the bed. . . don't scold about the dust."

She must tell him now!

As she did not move, he grasped her arms and gently propelled her to the inner door, then drew out the suitcase and left her with a mock threat to work till she was asleep.

A little wave of worldly cunning crept over her. She would tell him—in the morning.

Ghosts in a Roman Photograph Album

By Vernon Lee

I HAVE put off and off attempting to record—and now it may be too late to re-capture—one of the few happy impressions, oases of the fancy, which made it possible to live through these war-years. In the chronology of facts, it must have been in 1916, and in West Sussex, in the chronology of feeling it was, well! in the Rome of Pio Nono, a good half-century ago. The Rome, I might almost have said, of Clive Newcome; certainly that of Roderick Hudson, so much do those immortal sketches sum up, bring to a focus, my own childish recollections, lending them the clearness and point of the third person instead of the first, as in a perspectived and framed picture, compared with mere reality. For it was in the third person, not the first, that, during that particular week in 1916, I lived back in the Rome of Pius the Ninth.

The way of it was thus: The house my friends had hired and in which I was enjoying their hospitality, retained, as houses let for a few months often do, all the household gods of the original occupants; and foremost among them, the enshrined ancestors, a number of old family photographs now marooned in passages and spare bedrooms. There were the customary ovals of clergymen in the languishing attitude which compensated for the photographic rigid head-rest; the groups of schoolboys and volunteers; also the ill-focussed bridal parties in ivied porches; moreover, governmental groups, with swarthy attendants and palmy pagodas. Of course, also the fading profiles of crinolined aunts and nieces long demised. Or was not the aunt really the later stage of the niece? Was the Dean and the Curate *one*, separate only in time? Were *these* the same or several? Many or few? And which was which, and what to one another, husband and wife, brother and sister?

And among them, could these be guessed at, among these enigmatic pale and paler photographic ghosts, anyone identifiable with the too-too solid present owners of the house? Or, rather, was not some distant heir usurping their place, banishing them to the spare-bedroom and back-stairs limbo?

Such were the queries which these family effigies, humdrum yet full of pathos, suggested; and which, in summer idleness, my younger hostess bandied with me, till it became a game to go from room to room, mount on chairs comparing portraits; and speculate at meal-times on possible identities and supposed discoveries. Thus came the gradual emergence of a central personage, the jolly "Old Boy," the "Governor," in both acceptations of the word, for were not his those restrained whiskers standing for European civilisation among blacks and bananas? And—(by a sudden flash of inspiration!)—could any but he, that jovial magnate, have played the flute (during honourable exile in the tropics) out of the little morocco covered music-book on the top shelf of the library? In this manner did we weave genealogies and biographies of those bygone unnamed strangers, more and more puzzling with each additional piece of "evidence" which we discovered. My reference to that music-book ("a selection of favourite operatic pieces arranged for flute and pianoforte") shows that my young friend and I pushed investigations far beyond the mere framed portraits on the walls, ransacking shelves, book-closets and those pieces of furniture with which I associate, perhaps erroneously, the name of *What-not*. And so *the* great find was at last made. Perhaps it was my friend whose fortunate hands actually first discovered that old, unhinged, photographic album. May be. But the full significance of this discovery could be manifest only to me. Only I knew what to expect from that slab of shining black marble bound into its leather cover, and on which spread (far lovelier such works of art had been in my childish eyes than all the statues and pictures my priggishness pretended to love!) the sharp white petals and emerald-green leaves of a magnolia-blossom made of variegated marbles. For it meant that they, these unknown former occupants, had been in Rome fifty and more years ago; and that I was back there.

A.D. 1867: a photograph, coaxed to slip out of the album, revealed that date on its glossy back. But I should have known it to be thereabouts from the people's dresses. Had not my mother and her acquaintances worn just such geometric flounces and moderate *tournures* (Grecian *Bends* I heard them called)? and my father and brother such coats converging by a single button (or by mere tailor's art) just below the Gladstone collar; trousers also just the least little bit reminiscent of the primæval peg-tops still sported by benighted foreigners? And in that album there they were, also, those peg-top-trousered, short-coated, longish-haired, romantically-bearded foreigners. . . But about them more shall be said anon.

Meanwhile, what that album first of all revealed was that the Family—the family, familiar in face but of unknown name—had gone to Rome at that particular moment of the world's history. Gone there for one year, or two? I think for two at least, for they had settled down (as the album testified) to fox-hunts, private theatricals, besides lessons in singing and Italian literature, after duly exhausting (incidentally also themselves) the weary gallery—wonders recorded by the smallest (the half-franc) size photographs of the Apollo, Laocoon, Venus Borghese, and that so atrractively semi-improper mysterious parricide Beatrice Cenci, her turban'd head wistfully on one side. Naturally, also, *the* Faun, the *Marble* Faun, as he was called, of the Capitol, who, although thus emphatically *marble*, was somehow also a living young Italian nobleman called Montebeni; for those were the days when Hawthorne's *Romance* (including its full-length catalogue of all the Yankee studios) had superseded Mme. de Staël's *Corinne* and Hans Christian Andersen's *Improvvisatore* in the bookshops of Piale and Spithöver, and in the minds of Anglo-Saxon visitors, teaching them what to think and feel about this queer Rome of Pio Nono; those not duly indoctrinated continuing vulgarly to harp on the insanitary habits revealed by Roman entrance passages and stairs, the squalor of the Corso shops, the amazing variety and pertinacity of beggars; the countless multitudes of ecclesiastics and religious, and the mysterious crimes and tyrannies thereof; let alone the Evil Eye (or the Angelic Smile) of Pope Pius as you came suddenly

across him, a portly, white-cassocked, red-cloaked idol, fingers for ever raised in benediction, taking his exercise against the background of ilexes and anemone'd greensward of Villa Borghese.

Well! all those impressions (so that album testified) this unnamed West-Sussex family had duly sought and received. They had taken Rome seriously, as people then did (not a few hotel-weeks, but a winter or two in Piazza di Spagna apartments with meals arriving, balanced on the head in a tin hot-box, from the cook-shop in the side-street). For in those days one could not always hope to go to Rome twice in a lifetime, since getting there, before Alpine and Riviera tunnels, meant many days of travel, let alone passports and *lascia-passares* and the off-chance of Renan's *Vie de Jésus* being sequestrated by the Pontifical custom-house at Orte, which modern travellers know only (if at all!) as the confluence of the hitherto blue Umbrian Tiber with the Tawny Nera, rushing round from Terni. Those were the days, as already remarked, of Henry James's still unliterary and still enchanting *Roderick Hudson* days, very nearly of Thackeray's most sympathetic pages (and they are few and far between!) in the *Newcomes*. Days, moreover, in which, odd as it seems, I not only lived in Rome half a century since, but lived once more in that selfsame Rome, vividly, overwhelmingly, these fifty years after; and all along of that album with the *pietra dura* magnolia, discovered on the *Whatnot* (if such is a *Whatnot*) of that West Sussex house, hired for the summer.

And I can still see and hear what those, probably long demised, unknown owners of the album must have seen and heard. There were shaggy *Pifferari*, droning and piping at dusk before the lit-up street-shrine; and rows of Cinderella's-Godmother's-coaches, gilded and emblazoned, with Cardinal's scarlet footmen hanging on behind, for ever drawing up at the College de Propagandâ Fidê over the way. There were little damp, usually unopened churches filled once or twice a winter with heady incense-clouds dimming the many tapers, and with the voices of hidden-caged nuns or voices as sexless and unearthly as theirs. There were carnival doings for eight whole days, with races of riderless barbs down the Corsa, the hindmost horse, in a flash of the fireworks fastened to his back, dashing un-

expected through the re-closed crowd, with shrieks of trampled people to add a zest; and when that was over and the dragoons also had charged sword in hand, there came the showers of plaster comfits to and fro windows and carriages full of maskers, and the bouquets hurled up and down, at times with live little birds fluttering bruised within their camellias as likely offerings to English *meeses*. There were drives in dark winter mornings through tortuous, stinking streets abutting on the vast radiance, the pure, warm, scented air, and the distant echoes of St. Peter's, lined with kneeling soldiers, and where, standing on your camp-stool, you might get a tiny little Pope, resplendent at the end of your opera-glass.

And round that Rome forever canopied by melting, sunny skies, round that belt of feudal walls, ruined temples and forsaken gardens, there stretched the further circle of pale green, grassy wilderness, segregating from our present world that august enclosure of past ages, full of magic pagan magnificences and of sinister and defiled relics of *White Devils of Italy* and similar terrors of one's Protestant forefathers, and where, as one of my own uncles wrote home in 1841, the palaces of the nobility, let alone of Cardinals and Prelates, were known to be accommodated (as English houses with sanitary mysteries lacked by these antique countries!) with *oubliettes*, trapdoors which swallowed the patriot or heretic victim all unawares, disposing of him by an automatic minching machine which left no traces . . .

All these impressions of Papal Rome were duly received, more or less, by that West Sussex family, fifty and more years ago. And through them, by myself, fifty years later, their images getting framed and interlaced (like patterns on an old chintz or lacquer screen) in my own mind with the orange-tiled South-country cottages, the reedy ponds, the jagged pines profiled against the pale escarpments and chalk-gashes of the South Downs, and the last phloxes and dahlias in the war-neglected garden. Yes: alternating with these English things, visions of terraced travertine steps rising chrome-yellow into a moist blue sky, glimpses of sere Campagna dotted with tombs and laced with aqueducts; and even remembered sounds, plashing of palace-yard fountains in chilly winter sunshine; spells

of long ago arising for one out of old Roman-bound music-books (for such we also unearthed, even with "mottets" by my own old teacher, chapel master of the Lateran!), but most of all, of course, issuing out of that large album, a little off its hinges, with white marble magnolia on a black marble ground.

I have said that this respected West Sussex family the (to us) nameless former owners of *View Top, near Cold Waltham East*, had, if not received and retained, at least laid themselves open to, these bygone Roman impressions. Their willingness to do in Rome as Romans do (or, rather, did not) was testified by the two first photographs in that book. For was there not, facing each other, Paterfamilias (the "Governor" in both senses of the word), perhaps C.B. and certainly J.P., in church-going frock-coat, erect against the counterfeit stonepines of the Villa Doria; and Materfamilias (she would be called *Mamma*, quite possibly one of a numerous brood of *honourables*, modestly emulating with her diminished crinoline St. Peter's cupola, which rose behind her on the Pincian promenade; photographs destined to recall those Roman years once they should be back in their comfortable English home, so exactly like Du Maurier's illustrations to Trollope's *Orley Farm*. They had duly taken their place in the British Colony which had ousted the native Romans from Piazza di Spagna and its purlieus. For there, opposite the polyglot Banker who invited to frugal festivities and got reserved seats for pontifical "ceremonies" (alongside the British doctor who cured "Roman fever") was the British Chaplain, to whose ministrations the Papist tyrants obliged Sundayfied Protestants to pick their way (or splash in jingling cabs across the perennial mud which droves of cattle and pigs left over week-ends) outside the monumental Porta del Popolo; heretical rites being tolerated only *extra muros urbis*. Then the chief members of the Hunt, expatriated (or imitation) English squires wont to meet about Cecilia Metella of the mediæval Ponte Salario. And after them came the likenesses, mixed up with *Apollo Belvederes* and *Transfigurations*, of numerous Du Maurier ladies and gentlemen, some still in what were, I remember, called *Dundreary* whiskers. Neither was there lacking a sprinkling of foreigners, a cautious one, for foreigners should

never be taken without most particular introductions; had not the Italian patriot-novelist Ruffini warned us in his *Lavinia* that some Italians were not patriots but sharpers? Of such well-guaranteed foreigners the album with the marble magnolia contained select specimens: painters and sculptors (since artists were received *in Rome* even by the best English) sometimes with Teuton or Scandinavian names, or else Yankee profiles recalling United States postage-stamps. Likewise elderly natives, scions of princely houses, but rather come down in the world, Borgheses or even (whence romantic shudders) *Borgias;* and others, in chin-beards and cloaks, whom persecution and possibly conspiracy rendered attractive to more Gladstonian minds. Also operatic mustachio'd youths, not distinguishable from hairdressers. And, of course, the *Guardia Nobile*, cuirassed and jack-booted, of whom one was always attached to the more expensive Piazza di Spagna pensions, where English families stayed before they had been touted into lodgings (with a copy of Guercino's Sybil as chief furniture) and initiated into the cookshop *régime*. And there also—I mean in that photograph book, was that most Roman of all beings (and being Roman, could be spoken of freely, which would, of course, have been out of the question in England), that living improper mystery from whom the gentlemen averted angry eyes, but whom the ladies looked out for and up to in musical raptures, the *Pope's Soprano*. He had taught singing to the daughters, though doubtless under protest from Papa; and given his likeness at their special entreaty: a humble, humiliated past brother of the triumphant Farinelli's of the days of Handel, giving lessons, singing at parties, but there, in that photograph album, really rather 18th century in his abbé's frock-coat and silk stockings, enigmatic, youthful yet faded, like his poignant voice, and not without the melancholy self-satisfaction of one who flutters so many feminine Anglo-Saxon bosoms. But the daughters of the house—I mean the house which owned that album—had perhaps enjoyed a little romance of less exotic and platonic nature; for, slipping out the photograph of a papal (this time *not* singer but) Zouave, with a beer-coloured Belgian beard spread over his *décolleté* breast (these warriors wore low-cut necks), we found a signature surrounded not merely

by eau-de-Cologne-bottle flourishes, but by French sentences, of mingled respect and tenderness, conveying the disconsolate, well-bred farewell of *Gustave*. His name actually *was* Gustave.

Such were the shrunken, discoloured ghosts which, as out of a Solomon's Bottle, I accidentally evoked from that dusty Roman photograph-book, with its black and white marble magnolia (*pietra dura*), whereof all proper travellers brought home a specimen), that album discovered during a summer week's idleness, in a hired south country house. Ghosts, who kept me company quite unperceived of all others, making bearable a few days of that last but one war-year with their peaceful stories of the Rome of my childhood.

Scientific Men and Spiritualism

By Joseph McCabe

The growth of Spiritualism is one of the themes of the season; and it must be admitted that it does not promise a contribution to that intellectual sanity which is one of the most pressing of our social needs. No doubt the growth is generally much exaggerated. The most sober estimate of the number of Spiritualists in the fifties of the last century runs to a million. A semi-official estimate in the year 1917 gave the figure of 200,000 for the entire world. We have even to-day nothing approaching the remarkable epidemic which found luxurious conditions of growth in rural America in the last century, and for some years spread its intellectual blight over Europe. Frivolous as some of our journals are, they would hardly to-day open their columns to a serious discussion whether a lady medium, of a particularly massive build, had really been transported by spirits from Highbury to Lamb's Conduit Street, through several solid walls, in the space of three minutes.

Such as it is, however, the epidemic is alarming enough in view of our particular need of clear-headedness and sense of reality. And there is one factor in the recent growth which is particularly irritating. Spiritualism spreads in waves, its periodic advances separated by decades of obscurity and discredit. The chief reason for this is that a decade of prosperity brings to the front a regiment of brazen impostors, and ends in a series of sensational exposures. There have been exposures enough in the last two decades, but our generation was not much interested in the subject, and they generally escaped notice. The time was fairly ripe for another advance. A war which removed five million men in adolescence or early manhood inevitably gave the opportunity, and the Sludges of the world came out of their dark corners.

Luckily for themselves they converted one of our most popular novelists, and he perambulated the country, from

the south coast to Aberdeen, preaching the "new revelation." As usual, the Press magnified the phenomenon, and our semi-hysterical generation hastened to see and hear the latest novelty.

But there is a more serious element of the situation that deserves special consideration. From the start there were scientific men who unfortunately lent their names to the popular cult. Professor Crookes in London, Professor Hare in America, rigged up some pseudo-scientific apparatus, which smart conjurers soon mastered and evaded, and gave the blessing of "science" to the movement. De Morgan and other professors were nearly caught, and were much too lenient in their language. The number of these men grew less as time went on, and, when Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Barrett lent their names to it, their weight was counterbalanced by the general disdain of their colleagues.

Since 1890, however, there has been formed on the Continent quite a school of scientific men who have endorsed the worst pieces of charlatanry in the Spiritualist movement—levitations and materialisations. The Italians took the lead, partly because of the peculiar intellectual condition of Italy in the last decade of the nineteenth century, partly because Italy produced one of the astutest mediums yet seen, Eusapia Palladino. Men like Daniel D. Home and Stainton Moses had had an easy run. They performed only before small audiences of their choice. Slade had had a rare piece of luck in Germany, for of the four eminent professors who endorsed his miracles, one was mentally disturbed, one was nearly blind, and two were short-sighted; and it took a special delegate from America to discover so much as this. But Eusapia Palladino faced group after group of professors and medical men. That she converted poor Lombroso does not now surprise us. His daughter, Gina Ferrero, tells us in her biography of her father that during his later years he suffered so badly from arteriosclerosis that his mental and physical health was wrecked. Apart from Lombroso, however, quite a large number of academic and professional men—Chiaia, Foa, Bottazzi, Morselli, Porro, Imoda, etc.—endorsed the performances of Palladino and unwillingly lent great strength to a superstition which they professed to detest.

I will deal later with this "psychic school" and its "telekinetic" phenomena, and will consider here a weird development of it in France and Germany. Except Lombroso, who in his old age formulated a theory that the mind is an immortal material fluid, none of these men are Spiritualists. Most of them despise Spiritualism. They have at least a sufficient sense of humour to resent the idea that the lofty beings of Vale-Owen-land stroll along from their Elysian fields to thump tambourines, and tug the beards and moustaches of professors in darkened chambers. There, however, their sense of humour ends. They credit mediums with "abnormal" powers. One medium has a "telekinetic" power, and can lift tables and pull furniture about without touching them. Another medium has "teleplastic" power, and can project material from his body, mould it into an arm or a face or a whole body, and pose for the camera or imprint a face in wax. The extraordinary thing is that one finds a number of physiologists in the school. It is relatively easy for physicists like Lodge and Barrett to believe in miracles, but how a man who knows what a hand or a face really is can entertain the idea of a medium "forming" one out of spare cells of her own body in the course of a quarter or half an hour passes comprehension. The known regenerative power of the human organism is such that it will restore a very limited area of a bruised limb in the course of several months. These men believe that certain mediums have the power of releasing a few stone from their bodies (without injury) and moulding it into limbs which can grasp (and so have bones and muscles), and faces which, imprinted in putty or wax, show the same structure and solid frame as ordinary human faces.

This description sounds necessarily so like caricature that I will hasten to the facts. Professor Charles Richet was, like the astronomer Flammarion and the distinguished lawyer Maxwell, one of the French savants who were duped by Palladino. They studied her at intervals from 1892 to 1908; yet they maintained, and maintain, that the majority of her phenomena were genuinely abnormal. By the beginning of this century Richet was a confirmed occultist, and was drawn into an adventure of a singular description.

General Noel, who lived in Algiers, sent word that a remarkably powerful medium had appeared in his family, and full materialisations were seen almost daily. Richet went to the General's house, the Villa Carmen, in 1903. He was not convinced, but in 1905 he went for a longer stay, and he yielded entirely. The medium was a young woman whom he named "Marthe B," daughter of a retired French officer (rank not stated). Her position in the Villa Carmen was unusual. She lived there, and was affianced to the General's son. In introducing her later and greater performances at Paris, Baron von Schrenck Notzing duly gives us a description of her physique and morale. He describes her as having moral sentiments "only in the egocentric sense," as not a virgin, and as having "a very erotic imagination." She was nineteen years old in 1905. Her *fiancé* had died in 1904, but she remained in the house and consoled the bereaved parents by putting them into communication with the next world. They sat in a darkened kiosk in the garden, and Marthe often had associated with her, as a second medium, a black servant named Aischa. The chief ghost to appear at the opening of the cabinet, when Marthe and Aischa sat in it, was a deceased Arab chief, of whom Professor Richet gives us admirable photographs, taken by magnesium flare. One sees only the eyes and nose, which are singularly like those of Marthe. The rest is brass hat, bushy beard, and white drapery. The light was the usual red lantern, except at the moment of photographing.

Professor Richet, who is a distinguished physiologist, devised an experiment to test if the ghost was a lay figure. He brought a flask of baryta water, which clouds if carbon-laden air is breathed through it. The ghost obligingly breathed through it, and it was clouded. He felt the ghost's hand. It was warm and solid. In other words, he proved to demonstration that the ghost was a living person, the medium; yet this distinguished professor of physiology then hastened to inform the world that he had discovered a genuine case of materialisation in Algiers.

Many will remember how the Spiritualist world was excited and heartened by these "Villa Carmen manifestations" in 1906. Presently the curtain fell again, and we wondered what had happened. At the very time when

the English Spiritualists were exulting over the new proof, it was being undone in Paris. An Algiers lawyer, M. Marsault, had been at the Villa Carmen séances as early as 1900, and seen the fraud. In 1904 Marthe confessed to him that it was all humbug, and he warned Richet. But Marthe, in order to clear herself, had spoken of a trap-door and of the impersonation of the ghost by others; and, as there was no trap-door, Richet continued to believe in materialisation. Most people saw the justice of M. Marsault's case, and the Villa Carmen sank into obscurity. Another bright star fell from the mediumistic sky. The scholars of the psychic school, however, continued their hopeful researches. In 1908 they discussed, and eventually dismissed, the famous American materialisation medium Miller. Then their attention was given to Linda Gazerra and Lucia Sordi, two new Italian mediums. Dr. Imoda, assistant of Professor Mosso, studied Gazerra, and photographed her ghosts, for three years. She was a middle-class lady, too morally sensitive to submit to search, and she had imported dolls, drapery, and even birds in her false hair and her underclothing. Lucia Sordi was an athlete of the robust-peasant type. She also duped academic students of the psychic school for years. They then brought the Australian medium, Bailey, to France, and had a fresh disillusion. Bailey concealed his slender outfit in his rectum. Next, a genuine unpaid materialisation medium, of good social position, was reported from Costa Rica, and Professor Richet rushed off to San José. It was a cruder fraud than any. All these disillusions occurred within four years.

Meantime a new star had appeared in Paris itself. M. Bisson, a French writer, was interested in the "new science." His wife was even more interested, especially when M. Bisson died; and she had the good fortune, as so many aristocratic French ladies have, to discover a genuine materialising medium. The young lady was of good family, and preferred to remain anonymous. She was introduced to strangers as "Rose Dupont," and to the scientific world at large as "Eva C." Under what name she was introduced to Professor Richet, who again endorsed the performance, we do not know. But it is hardly possible to doubt that M. Richet recognised his old friend

Marthe Beraud, of the egocentric moral sentiments. In some of her early "materialisations" she wore the brass hat, scrubby beard, and white drapery of "Bien Boa," the dead Arab chief of the Villa Carmen.

Amongst the many medical men and professors initiated at Mme. Bisson's house was Baron von Schrenck-Notzing, an aristocratic and leisured medical man of Munich. He took the phenomena very seriously. He devised the most rigorous control of the medium, raised the lights to a daring pitch of illumination, fired five cameras at a time at the ghost, and even installed a cinematograph. The young woman was stripped before every performance, and sewn into something like "tights" of black cloth. Her mouth, nostrils, ears, and armpits were examined. There was a superficial examination of the lower part of her body. Once a nurse examined her more thoroughly, and once or twice—"Eva" was in a trance, so the question of modesty does not arise—she invited Baron Schrenck himself to verify that she was not concealing apparatus in a more delicate part of her person.

After three years of research under these rigorous conditions, Baron Schrenck burst upon the astonished world with his *Materialisations-Phænomene* (1914). Mme. Bisson brought out a smaller work, with the same photographs, but it is too discreet and tendencious to be of any use. I was amused when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle produced this book of Mme. Bisson's in his debate with me at the Queen's Hall, and told the audience that it was "the insanity of incredulity" for me to waive it aside. The battle (over Baron Schrenck's fuller German version) had been won five years before.

As late as 1914, Richet wrote that he was thoroughly convinced of the genuineness of Marthe Beraud, and he presumably still holds that conviction. Several other educationists and professional men of France and Germany shared his conviction. The case will probably rank in years to come with the "Katie King" experiments of Sir W. Crookes, to which Richet often refers as a parallel. And there is no doubt that the Spiritualists build upon the opinion of these men. Even Baron Schrenck disdains Spiritualism, and claims only a mysterious "teleplastic" power on the part of the medium. That makes little dif-

ference. It is the facts that matter. Indeed, the general public will probably regard the Spiritualist theory as less unreasonable than the theory of these learned professors.

One need not linger to-day over the "facts," except in the sense that they show an extraordinary credulity in men of the "new science" and a remarkable ingenuity on the part of the mediums. But as a translation of Baron Schrenck's book is shortly to appear in English, to strengthen the faith of our Spiritualists, a few observations on it will not be superfluous.

Its special value is supposed to lie in the 150 photographs of materialisations which it contains. When we ask for séances in good light, we are told that white light prevents the "development of the phenomena." This did not surprise us, as any illusionist could do most surprising things in a dull red light, the most fatiguing and baffling light that the eye can endure. However, it was of some interest to learn that Baron Schrenck's incessant magnesium-flares did no harm either to ghost or medium. He was even allowed to pour on a sufficiently strong stream of white light to use the cinematograph while the phenomena developed. The progress in illumination was, in fact, instructive. For months no photographs were permitted, and the *drawings* which Baron Schrenck gives for these early séances are useless. Marthe then lost all nervousness before her scientific audience, and permitted an illumination which gives us every detail plainly.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle tells his readers that "you see the ectoplasm pouring from the medium's nose, eyes, ears, and skin."[2] Where he got either the word "ectoplasm" or this impression of the photographs I cannot imagine. What you see at first are bits of chiffon or muslin, white gloves, possibly inflated fish-bladders, and other compressible and expansible articles, hanging from the medium's mouth or fastened to her hair or clothing or breasts or to the curtain. For a variation she occasionally masquerades as a ghost. The Baron calls this "transfiguration" of the medium. He is compelled to recognise that it is she, so he falls back upon the usual subterfuge of "unconscious action in a trance." She is hypnotised before every performance. The trance is, of course, a sham. She is obviously awake all the time. In one

photograph a "spirit-hand" reaches out for a cigarette. As both of Marthe's hands are visible, you are puzzled for a moment; until, on looking closely, you perceive that the hand is a bare foot. You then realise that what purports to be her face is a bit of muslin. She is bending backward and lifting her left foot high to represent a hand.

After some months she begins to "materialise" human heads. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's picture of "this viscous ectoplasm, forming an amorphous cloud, and finally moulding itself into human faces and human figures," is pure fancy. There are wisps and streaks of cloudy stuff—muslin or other thin material—but the idea that this moulds itself, and is "gradually suffused with life," and on one occasion steps into the room and embraces Mme. Bisson, is a finer flight of fiction than any adventure of Sherlock Holmes. As I said, on one or two occasions Marthe Beraud was the ghost, and could leave the cabinet. In all other cases where human forms appeared, the curtains were kept closed until the girl was ready, music was supplied (at her request) to drown any noise of her movements, and she had a quarter or half an hour to arrange the "peep-show." The faces are quite obviously illustrations cut out of the French papers. The corners are sometimes curled, and they show the marks of the scissors. One ghost is President Wilson, with a heavy cavalry moustache and a black eye; but the collar and tie correspond to a hair with the contemporary portrait of Wilson in *Le Miroir*, and the girl has not succeeded in entirely washing away even the tiepin (an American flag, apparently). Poincaré and other celebrities, crudely painted over, appear. On Poincaré she sticks a very crude and obvious paper nose, to give a plastic effect and conceal his three warts. A hundred of the "ghosts" are so crude, so obviously flat paper-surfaces, that the effrontery of the medium is amazing.

A critical medical colleague, who was invited to attend, took a powerful electric torch and examined the cloth-covered cabinet. He found, all over the back of it, the groups of pin-holes where the girl had pinned up her portraits. On one or two photographs you see the black pin quite plainly. On one photograph, which was taken prematurely, Marthe is clearly dangling the ghost on the end

of a string, to make it, as Sir Arthur says, "suffused with life." Baron Schrenck was forced to admit that she stuck or pinned up the objects and that she had deceptively smuggled pins into the cabinet, in spite of his rigid control. He then noticed that the "ghosts" generally showed marks of having been folded up. He heard the rustle of paper in the cabinet, and even found bits of paper on the floor. He still clung to his theory. Another doctor pointed out that there are such things as human "ruminants," who can lower things into their gullet or stomach and bring them up at will; and he remembered that Marthe occasionally bled from the mouth or gullet after a sitting. For seven sittings (four of which were quite barren) he put a net over her head. But she stipulated that her dress be left open when the net was on, and she very soon forced them to lay it aside. One day some accident happened to her "ghost," and the camera inside the cabinet disclosed the remarkable title *Le Miroir*! The next day she gave it a symbolical meaning.

In short, although Baron Schrenck, Professor Richet, Doctor Geley, and other scientific and medical men cling to the "abnormal" theory, the whole three years' investigation really turned into a farce. It was admitted that "Eva C." was Marthe Beraud; and it is clear that she used stomach (as a ruminant), vagina, and rectum for concealing her light and compressible material. That is really the chief interest of the matter. For fifty years mediums were never searched, and sitters were as flagrantly duped as Sir W. Crookes was by Florrie Cook. The numerous exposures in the 'eighties and 'nineties led to the practice of stripping mediums, and "phenomena" became rarer. In most cases, of course, the medium is still not searched. Modesty is a valuable part of a lady medium's outfit. But inquirers of this "psychic school" considered that they really were safe when the medium allowed a search. We now know differently. A radiograph would not give away the secret of a "ruminant"; and scores of such people are known to medical men.

For the credit of Morselli and other leaders of the "new science," I must add that they by no means agree with Professor Richet and his French and German colleagues in endorsing this comedy. They rely mainly on "telekinetic"

manifestations, which I trust to examine later. But nearly all of them—and they number probably twenty or thirty scientific and professional men, including men so distinguished as Richet, Morselli, and Flammarion—do accept this "teleplastic" power in some degree. It is a scientific monstrosity. The only point open to consideration is whether, in a few cases, some mediums like Marthe Beraud may not develop an abnormal secretion of mucus, and blow or trail it from the mouth, making it assume a fantastic appearance in the red light. On the whole, the supposed materialisations are really bits of flimsy stuff, thin rubber, or other compressible and expansible material, plainly stuck about her person or the cabinet. A little less of this kind of "science" and a little more common sense is advisable.

The chief mischief is that, if mediums can thus stand the scrutiny of scientific men for years, the uneducated public is misled. Spiritualist leaders go about saying that their theory is proved by science to be "absolutely true." Sir A. C. Doyle assures them that for thirty years men of science have studied their phenomena, and all who have joined in the inquiry have endorsed the facts. We begin to understand the note of arrogance that has crept into spiritualist literature. It is quite time that some of our scientific authorities gave proper guidance to the public on the subject. Silent contempt never killed a popular superstition. If we have no wish to undo the democratisation of power, at least let us hurry on with the democratisation of that moderate degree of mental culture which is known as common sense. A habit of nursing illusions in religion will not refuse its hospitality to illusions in politics or economics.

Socialism and Liberal Ideals*

By Bertrand Russell

BEFORE discussing my nominal subject, I propose to make a brief survey of the world from the point of view of the possibilities of freedom. The ultimate possibilities of freedom are greater than ever before, but the dangers also are great, and the immediate future is very difficult.

The war has afforded a test as to what was strong and what was weak in the nominal beliefs of men. Much that was traditional would probably have stood a good deal longer, but for the harsh realities which the war forced upon people's notice. Much also was swept away that belonged to what may be called urbanity, much that depended upon not getting down to bed-rock, or stirring up the primitive passions. The world since the war is more stark, less easy-going, more brutal. The division of old and young is greater than in normal times, for the old succeeded in idealising the war, and in order to do so were compelled to depart even further than usual from reality, whereas the young have had reality ground into them as never before. The result of this is that politics is no longer so amiable as formerly, and that, although leading politicians may indulge in the old humbug, it has lost its grip, and the motives for which men vote are very realistic.

Not only the Liberal Party, but Liberal ideals also, have suffered eclipse as the result of the war. Their failure was made manifest by President Wilson's collapse. Liberal ideals, in so far as they were genuine, depended upon a certain degree of forbearance as between man and man, a certain unwillingness to push things to extremes. Religious toleration, democracy, free speech, free Press and free trade were all of them ideals implying that the differences between different groups were not irreconcilable. I am one of those who, as a result of the war, have passed over

* A lecture delivered for the National Guilds League at the Kingsway Hall, London, on February 26th, 1920.

from Liberalism to Socialism, not because I have ceased to admire many of the Liberal ideals, but because I see little scope for them, except after a complete transformation of the economic structure of society.

The war has resulted in a confrontation of plutocracy and labour, capitalism and socialism. Socialism has appeared at last as a force roughly equal in strength to capitalism. In Russia it is in power, and elsewhere there is a possibility of its acquiring power. What have these two opposing creeds to offer?

I

Capitalism, so long as it fought against feudalism, was associated with certain Liberal ideas: freedom, democracy and peace. It was associated also with increased production. The lingering remnants of feudalism have been swept away by the war: the three Emperors who dominated Eastern Europe are gone. In the remaining monarchies, in Milton's words, "the kings sit still with aweful eye." But every step in the victory of capitalism over the past has made it more hostile to the future, and less liberal. In America, I am told, there is now a prison at the foot of the Statue of Liberty.*

The greater part of the civilised world remains subject to a reign of terror. The Bolshevik reign of terror has, of course, been used to make our flesh creep, but it differs from the others solely in its purpose. I do not allude merely to the White Terror in places like Hungary, where the Bolshevik *régime* has been crushed; similar methods in a less drastic form have become all but universal. In France, by the acquittal of the murderer of Jaurès, the courts have given it to be understood that the assassination of a Socialist is not illegal. In America anyone professing Communist opinions is liable to imprisonment or deportation, and Socialists duly elected are not permitted to sit in the New York Legislature. In Ireland any person who believes in the rights of small nations, in self-determination, or in any other of the objects for which the war was fought, is liable to imprisonment without trial. Of India it is not necessary to speak, since the facts have become too notorious. Throughout the world we are faced by a clash

* I do not know whether this is true literally, or only symbolically.

of naked force. Socialism, in alliance with oppressed Nationalism, is opposed ruthlessly by Capitalism, strengthened by victorious Nationalism.

Under these circumstances, freedom throughout the capitalist world is not to be thought of. But how about democracy? Democracy was supposed to be one of the inspiring ideas for which we fought the war. We are now told by the Bolsheviks that democracy, as we have hitherto understood it, is a bourgeois trick. We are told, on the other hand, by the capitalists that it is anti-democratic to attempt by means of direct action to prevent a reactionary Parliament from flouting the will of the majority. Let us try to understand what democracy in a capitalist community consists of. We have to begin with the Judiciary and the Civil Service, both allies of the plutocracy. We have the fact that Members of Parliament, and still more Ministers, through their social status and income, are brought into natural connection with the possessing classes. We have the fact that capitalistic influences are more concentrated, swift and secret than labour influences, and the fact that the psychology of power tends to make its possessors more sympathetic with the directors of the capitalist industrial machine than with those who, for the time being, obstruct its smooth working. The constitutional power of the democracy is limited to the expression of a choice about once in five years, a choice often between candidates none of whom are really expressive of the political opinions of the constituency, for, owing to the expense of elections, only great and rich organisations, or very wealthy individuals, can fight with any hope of success. In the whole process of forming opinion before the exercise of the vote, capitalism has enormous preponderance. Beginning in the schools, where the education is designed to produce acquiescence in the *status quo*, and continuing in the Press, which, with very rare exceptions, is a capitalistic venture run in the interests of capitalism, the mind of the child is warped, and the mind of the adult is filled with falsehoods, so that only persons of exceptional energy and independence of thought can hope to arrive at anything approaching a true view of the issues to be decided at an election. The early Benthamite advocates of democracy imagined that it was

easy for a man to ascertain his interest, and that he would certainly vote in accordance with it. Thus the result of democracy would be a just representation of all interests in proportion to their numerical strength. Admirable theory! But if they had studied, for example, the Jesuits and their influence they might have seen its falsehood. The average man's opinions are made for him like the house he lives in. He can choose among a few varieties, but the varieties are rigidly limited by forces quite outside his control. There are limitations, it is true, to what can be done in the way of manufacturing opinion. If the opinions inculcated lead to the death in unsuccessful war of a large proportion of the men, and to the starvation of the women and children, it may happen, after a certain number of years, that the usual methods of generating opinion will fail. In that case, revolution results. But the hardships required before this climax is reached are appalling. What is called the rule of the majority in a bourgeois democracy is, therefore, in reality the rule of those who control the methods of manufacturing opinion, especially in the schools and the Press. It is absurd to give a sort of fetish worship to such a system, or to condemn all uses of the weapon of direct action, because of the supposed sacrosanct authority of a Government elected years ago on quite other issues. The Bolsheviks are right in maintaining that bourgeois democracy is a trick by which the victims are induced to pronounce their own condemnation, in order to minimise the force required for carrying it out.

At the outbreak of the late war, capitalism pretended that feudalism, as represented by the Kaiser, was what had caused the disaster. Feudalism is gone, but capitalism has shown itself incapable of making any real peace. Quite apart from the hostility to communist Russia, the trade rivalries inherent in capitalism have necessitated a harsh treatment of Germany and Austria, which makes any stable peace impossible. Every thoughtful person must realise that the continuance of the capitalist system is incompatible with the continuance of civilisation. It is as clear as noonday that, if this system survives, the late war must be succeeded by other wars, which will be even more destructive in proportion as they are more scientific. A few more of such conflicts must put an end to everything

that has made the European races of importance to the world.

Finally, capitalism has begun to fail as a technical method of production. The well-founded and universal belief in the importance of production no longer, as in the past, strengthens the hold of the capitalist system. The old incentives to work have broken down, for the bees have begun to think that it is not worth while to make honey for their owners. At the present moment, as a result of the war, the world needs speedy production in a quite unprecedented degree, but if speedy production is to be possible, new incentives must be found, and can only be found through self-government in industry. It is this that has given, in Great Britain, such extraordinary and sudden strength to the guild idea. We have all been watching the experiment of the building trade in Manchester, where, after the whole capitalist machinery had failed hopelessly to deal with the housing problem, it is being found that guild methods afford a complete solution, equally perfect from the point of view of the producer and of the consumer. Largely because of this technical breakdown of capitalism, the advent of socialistic methods of production is now immeasurably easier than at any previous time. Whatever the workers choose to demand in the way of economic justice they can secure. Nothing stands in their way except the moderation of their own demands.

Thus capitalism has lost all the merits by which, in the past, it sought to commend itself to the average man. Through trusts and an intimate union with the State, capitalism has succeeded in destroying almost all vestiges of freedom. Through control of education and the Press, it has made democracy a farce. Through national rivalries, it has made peace impossible except by its overthrow. And by arousing the discontent of the workers it has become inefficient as a method of production. The first three of these failures are reasons for desiring its overthrow. The fourth, fortunately, is also a reason for expecting it.

II

Capitalism has failed to secure freedom, genuine democracy, stable peace, or the increased production that

the world needs, and there is no reason to think that its failure in these respects is in any way temporary. On the contrary, it is likely to grow more and more marked through the discontent which it arouses. What has Socialism to offer in these respects?

The most important of all the new facts that have emerged from the war is the existence of a Great Power which has adopted Socialism in practice. Socialism, hitherto, has been a mere theory, something which practical men could despise as impossible and visionary. The Bolsheviks, whatever we may think of their merits or demerits, have at any rate proved that Socialism is compatible with a vigorous and successful State. Faced by the united hostility of Europe, and by civil war within their own borders, coming into power at a time of unexampled chaos and starvation, deprived by the blockade of all outside help, they have, nevertheless, beaten back their enemies, reconquered the greater part of the old Russian Empire, survived the worst period of the famine without being overthrown by internal revolution, and set to work to regenerate production with amazing vigour. There has been nothing comparable since the France of the Revolution, and for my part I cannot but think that what the Bolsheviks are doing is of even greater importance for the future of the world than what was accomplished in France by the Jacobins, because their operations are on a wider scale, and their theory is more fundamentally novel. I believe that Socialists throughout the world should support the Bolsheviks and co-operate with them. And I think that Guildsmen, in particular, ought to pay great attention to Bolshevik methods of organisation, not only because of their power and prestige, but because of their partial adoption of an industrial instead of a geographical basis for the Soviets. But I do not mean to suggest that we, in this country, where conditions are exceedingly different from those in Russia, should blindly follow in the footsteps of the Bolsheviks. With other Guildsmen, I recognise the importance of organisation by trades, but at the same time believe that the territorial Parliament still has useful functions to perform, and therefore I am not persuaded that, for us, the complete suppression of Parliament as opposed to Soviet forms is desirable. And

I am strongly of opinion that whatever in the way of Socialism is feasible in this country can be accomplished without armed revolution. Slavish imitation of the Bolsheviks is not what I wish to advocate. I am inclined to think that their methods were probably the only ones by which success could have been achieved in Russia, but it by no means follows that they are the only or the best methods for us. Our circumstances, however, are peculiar, and throughout the Continent there is far more similarity to Russian conditions, and far more likelihood of similar methods being needed, if Socialism is to acquire power. And in view of the success of Bolshevism in beating back its enemies, the spread of Socialism throughout the Continent has become a by no means remote possibility.

Bolshevism has temporarily flouted two ideals, which most of us have hitherto strongly believed in; I mean, democracy and liberty. Are we on this account to view it askance? I think not.

(To be continued.)

Fruits and Usufructs of the Treaty

By Austin Harrison

The effects of the Treaty of militarism are now making themselves felt in universal disorder and decline, social and economic, and already we in this country have been faced with two crises, the one in Ireland, the other what may be called the "incident" with France. Let us first take Ireland, which is a Home concern. To those who take the trouble to ascertain facts and still retain some balance of judgment, Ireland is now recognised as Britain's supreme test of civilisation and of empire. Largely, America refused President Wilson because of Irish-American hostility, and to-day America is drifting away from us because of our refusal to grant to Ireland what we granted with such conspicuous success in the cases of Canada, Australia and South Africa. The reasons for our insular blindness are twofold. First, not one Englishman in fifty knows the truth or bothers about it; secondly, the problem is religious. It is, accurately stated, Ulster's religious hatred of Catholic Ireland, which Ulster politicians have skilfully identified with English politics. These men control. We in England remain more or less indifferent. The paradox is that whereas all over England Protestant clergymen are trying to Catholicise their Church, Ulster fights Catholic Ireland on the ground that it reflects English Church policy: which very palpably it does not.

The spectacle of Dublin telling the rosary while tanks and English soldiers with bombs and bayonets fixed guard Mountjoy prison where nearly one hundred Catholic Irishmen lie dying of self-inflicted starvation is unique. Even in Russia no such scene was ever enacted and perhaps the strangest thing about this shame is its pitifulness. In no city in the world are the poor so poor, the "slums" more truly awful, the conditions of life more degrading. In no country are the people so sweet-tempered or more naturally gentle.

And yet, this picture, which, were Mr. Griffith to screen it, would knock the "Auction of Souls" Sadism silly, took place within a day's journey from London, while Mr. Bonar Law gravely announced that the law must take its course, and foreign journalists stood in the rain watching Dublin's mob of poor frightened girls and relations of the dying "telling their beads," hour by hour, while England danced and golfed and "striked," and in Parliament only a hundred Coalition members deemed it worth while to attend a Debate on which the attention of the civilised world was concentrated. And then the sequel. The tanks hobble off, the military disappear, the police are withdrawn, the dying prisoners are released, and Dublin prays. Once more the designs of Castle government have been frustrated, the prisoners are not to die; the next day a couple more policemen are shot.

Is this loathsome farce to continue? Are we to go on talking one moment of the "Huns" while in the next we permit a scene worthy of the massacre of St. Bartholomew to take place under the ægis of the Union Jack? Is it for this our soldiers take the oath of allegiance? For nothing has been settled or, it may well be, altered; the impasse remains. The scene will inevitably recur so long as Dublin Castle is empowered to arrest men and imprison them *without trial*, and lock them up as felons, as in the days of the Bastille. For such is the case, and the policy. For months past government in Ireland has proceeded on the anarchy of information, the informer stipulating that his name should not be divulged. And on the strength of this system, adopted from the Tsarist police service, men are arrested at dead of night; houses are raided by soldiers; all life in Ireland has sunk into a conspiracy of information, espionage, murder and counter-murder, and politicians can only prate about "law and order," and change the executive. If at the bidding of the *Daily Mail*, the Government escaped the responsibility of the deaths which would have fallen upon it but for the release, that in no way solves the Irish problem, which remains that of Castle government. That is the pith of the matter. An Orange Castle merely aggravates the difficulty. Since the days of Cromwell, we have tried force, and it has failed, and will always fail, as

Ministers admitted two years ago. What, then, is the explanation of this sinister stupidity on our part? Why do we do this un-English thing?

The answer is to be found in militarism, which has turned the heads of politicians. The Coalition came into power as its symbol, the Treaty was made as its expression, based on the Secret Treaties, and Mr. Lloyd George, whilom Britain's demagogue, is caught in the traces of the team he conjured up to vote him back, and can crack no other whips but theirs. And so in Ireland we have returned to the "big stick." Viscount French, flashing searchlights on Mountjoy Prison, apparently thinks he is still commanding the Forces at the front, and that his imperious duty is militarism. Tanks promenade the once gay streets of Dublin. Posses of armed police and soldiers in trench helmets parade the city, while Sinn Fein tells the rosary and secret societies murder policemen. To this pass has the principle of "self-determination" come. The crowds which pressed round President Wilson in his triumphal passage through London are to-day apathetic. Ireland is ruled by policemen. And all this because Ireland asks for the right of self-government accorded to the Boers in South Africa, which Ulster, being Protestant, refuses; that is all. We have returned to the days of religious war. Ireland is the pure example of the medieval attitude.

Unless radically adjusted, the new Bill will help no side, and quite probably was so designed. Only new methods based on the Dominion status will bring about peace and order, and the conditional step is the removal of Castle rule. If whoever now is in authority—Sir Hamar Greenwood or Sir Nevil Macready—were to remove the Castle, and place Sinn Fein on their honour for the maintenance of order, a real step forward would be registered, but so much wisdom does not seem likely. Yet it is the only way. Ireland no longer means to us a domestic difference based on a conflicting interpretation of the Scriptures. Ireland is absolutely our test of civilisation and of our Imperial continuity. We shall connect with the New World through Ireland, or move asunder. Over Ireland we shall make good, or we shall fail; and if our politicians

possessed a spark of statesmanship, they would give Ireland Dominion Home Rule, and disarm both sides, and within a very short time they would find that they had settled, not only Ireland, but a necessary world principle. The strategic arguments militating against Irish Home Rule, if hitherto valid, are no longer so. With wireless, submarines and aircraft, Ireland cannot be a danger to us, even if hostile, for she could be ringed in and starved out, and could not trade. There is no doubt about this. The strategic argument falls. The other great argument is also rapidly losing validity, for Sinn Fein is not a religious movement. On the contrary, it is a national idea, and the first thing that would happen under Irish Dominion rule would be the divorce of Church and State, which, of course, is the reason why extremists on the Roman side are so bitterly opposed to Home Rule. This is the *real issue*. England's difficulty is her opportunity. It is to break down both forms of Irish extremism—that which cries "To Hell with the Pope!" and that which would prevent the tendency of laïcisation of the Church, both maintained in the interests of an antiquated bigotry. On these lines Ireland could be rapidly pacified, and reconstructed. And it is our business. We should step in and disarm all the Irish, as a preliminary, then remove Castle rule, and ask both sides to collaborate in a Dominion Constitution, failing which collaboration, no matter from which side forthcoming, we should frame the Constitution ourselves. The murders could be stopped at once with the removal of the Castle. Otherwise things will go from bad to worse until a climax is reached, and in some ghastly tragedy we are revealed to the world to be bankrupt in statesmanship, and hopelessly unimaginative. Were the League of Nations anything more than a pious invocation, Ireland should at once be referred to it. But this cannot be until, at least, the League is a reality. In the meantime, Ireland is the key to English-thinking unity, and we shall make or break that unity according to our treatment of a problem which to-day is the concern of the world, because through it we shall lead and inspire, or ourselves be thrown back, and in turn directed. With militarism, which never yet solved any problem, we shall not progress. Ireland is a test of culture. Far better order all the Irish out of their Ireland,

expatriate them as America expatriates her Bolshevists, than continue the present demoralising police policy. Between ourselves and America, the issue will be Ireland. If, then, for a medieval cry, we sacrifice statesmanship and justice, we may destroy Ireland, but in the end we shall destroy ourselves.

The other incident derives logically from the Treaty, the nature of which it illustrates cynically. In itself the whole business is mysterious. Secret diplomacy governs, and so we cannot gather more than the threads of what has all the appearances of a double plot which failed. It began with an announcement of a Franco-Belgian military Treaty, which incidentally is an infraction of an article in the Covenant which specifically forbids such a Treaty. Then there came the Kapp coup, followed by German Socialist reaction, leading to Communist uprisings, notably in the Ruhr Valley, which, in turn, led to the French occupation of Frankfurt, on the ground that the entry of German police troops in the neutral zone constituted a breach in the observance of the Treaty. If so, it was, of course, the concern of the Allies conjointly; but this view was not held by our Government, by America, or by Italy—France acting on her own. To comment on the position that arose without knowledge of the notes exchanged would be wrong. We do not know the facts. All that we do know is that France advanced "on her own," whereas her Allies saw no reason for military action, and that, as a consequence, considerable Press acrimony was shown, particularly from Parisian journalists, who seem to delight in abusing Britain and (one really must write the word) "poor" Mr. Lloyd George.

We are told the incident is closed, an accommodation has been reached. We hope so, but the truth is that the incident is typical of what must happen as the result of a Treaty which all intelligent people know to be inapplicable. On the whole, Mr. Lloyd George seems to have acted with dignity. No man would suggest that France acted out of sympathy for German Socialism, nor can we believe that she really has the slightest military fear of a Germany, deprived by the Allies of guns, munitions, ships, etc., etc.,

with no credit and herself semi-starving, in real fact, sick of militarism, for the one fear of Bourgeois Germany is Spartacism; that, of course, is well known to our Government. What, then, is the reason for French military intervention? The answer is policy. France, realising that America will not underwrite the European chaos made by M. Clemenceau, has returned to the "Foch" policy of occupation of the Rhine Provinces, which she justifies on the ground of strategic necessity. Such is the real meaning of the affair. What it will lead to need not be discussed now. That we stand before a grave international issue is clear. We can only hope that wise counsel will prevail. Of immediate and of world importance is the use made by France of black troops.

The employment of Senegalese in an army of occupation is, without all question, an offence towards white civilisation. These blacks are not controllable, and the action of France in compelling a white race to provide brothels with "clean" girls for the use of black troops is one which Anglo-Saxon civilisation, with its immense Imperial responsibilities, cannot and dare not shut its eyes to. Here Britons are implicitly involved. France must be told that these African conscripts cannot be employed to "police" a white population, and it is earnestly to be hoped that, at least, the incident will have served to clean up this unpleasantness. The very presence of a Senegalese, or any black, as the "guardian of the law" in a town like Frankfurt, which is a capitalist city, composed chiefly of Jews, is a singular exhibition of bad taste. We, with our colour questions, cannot permit its continuance. It is the result of militarism, the expression of a Treaty more savage in its ruthlessness towards nationality and economic strangulation than Napoleon ever dreamed of at Tilsit; and no doubt the French reasoned, logically enough, that, "black or white," the policy is the same—force, militarism, revenge.

So there we are. We shall know more about it when we see if the French troops withdraw after the German troops have retired from the neutral zone. If not, then the Treaty is broken, and, if so, the European situation enters upon a

new phase, and a new world-crisis. For what Mr. Colby, the successor of Mr. Lansing, said is true. If at any moment France reserves to herself the right of military intervention, there can be no peace, no reconstruction; and Europe will be doomed to decline into the anarchy of the Middle Ages. And if, having ratified the world Treaty, France starts on a policy of fresh annexation, then assuredly the world will be concerned, for in every essential the crisis is economic, and can only be met with a single economic policy. The incident thus will shortly be seen for what it is worth. Till then it is well to reserve commentary. Quite otherwise is it with the ill-graced attitude of certain Parisian newspapers, who recently have conducted a campaign of abuse of Britain utterly at variance with the true position of France, which is a very sad one. Here it would be a mistake to maintain silence, and I can assure M. Giraud, alias Pertinax, who maintains that Europe's problem is not economic, and that the British people are not behind British policy, that he is mistaken. If he refers to the votes of Labour and Liberalism in the bye-elections, he will discover that a strong majority exists in Britain for a revision of the impossible Treaty. As for the economic point, he has but to reflect upon France's Budget of £2,000,000,000 for this year to realise the stupendous peril in which France financially stands. To consider Poland's position, with her mark quoted at 600 odd to the sovereign, embarking on a war with Russia, and then to remember that here the intelligence of the country is seriously perturbed at our Budget of £1,400,000,000, with twice the economic stability of France. These are facts. To ignore them is foolishness. M. Cachin's opinion that the "lunatics" who have "brought us to this pass will one day have to render heavy account" is far nearer the mark.

The German position remains chaotic, and must so remain unless credits are given, and some of the more monstrous economic restrictions of the Treaty are removed. The Kapp revolt was a silly affair, yet only what must be expected among a defeated people economically strangled, compelled by their victors to a form of government for which the Germans are by tradition and temperament utterly unsuited. They do not understand democratic

rule, yet all observers on the spot are agreed that militarism is completely discredited. The *Times*, just before the Kapp coup, had an article from their special correspondent asserting that Germany's need was of a larger army to maintain order—and as a Republic placed in the hands of a receiver, Germany's task is well-nigh super-human in any conditions. What we are witnessing is merely the result of the Treaty of Versailles; and if every time the Germans fail to comply with its universally recognised impossible demands, the military are to be called out and more German towns are to be occupied, then we shall have a continuance of war, and a still further depreciation of credit and currency, and yet a more insistent social disorder which, if the Polish anti-Bolshevist war starts, may even this year lead Europe into the quagmire.

We, at any rate, are now alive to the danger, and it is certain that no new European campaign would be tolerated. I do entreat M. Giraud to note that. We want peace, and somehow we mean to get it. As Nurse Cavell said: "Patriotism is not enough." Though the words are symptomatically lacking from her statue, their spirit is deeply burnt into the young generation of Britons, and there is in this as yet inarticulate conscience of the men and women who will shape the destiny of their country in a few years a resolve and an enlightenment full of a new Europeanism. For the present appearances are deceitful. In the very apathy of England, happy in her release, there should lie to those who seek to profit by it a warning. For things cannot continue as they are. The politics of the hour are of comparative small concern. The world's crisis is economic, and it is a common interest and danger. Before Europe can begin to recover, the great nations must be able to Budget. They cannot, and the reason is that their peace is war, evidenced even in the belated terms inflicted upon Bulgaria and Hungary, violating every pledge of honour for which Britain fought, in flagrant defiance of the Covenant embodied in the Treaty, economically as vicious as they are nationally indefensible. In very truth, it is the end of an order. An epoch is dying. We are "laying out" the corpses of a system which no longer has a mean-

ing, because it no longer has an economic basis. We are marking time, pending no man knows what.

The attitude of Paris is *gasconade*. They want the Rhine—that is the gist of it, and until that issue is settled there will be plenty of incidents and San Remo secret conclaves; fortunately Italy cannot afford to play the viola to Paris because of her Socialists, her D'Annunzio, and her terrible economic plight, also because our new militarist creation of Jugo-Slavdom on her crown is particularly obnoxious to Italian nationalism. The whole problem is simply this. Can we induce Paris to think Europeanly, or will she persist in dreams of "romance" according to history? If the latter, then blood and mud and certain bankruptcy, *i.e.*, revolution, awaits all Europe.

Such are the fruits and usufructs of the Treaty of Paris. Militarism rules. Frontiers are strategic. New Europe is recast for war. Nations are starved just to "straighten the line." Not a belligerent Power can Budget. Nearly two years after peace, war is everywhere Europe's legacy and potential, and "incidents" have started among the Allies. They will continue. Economic necessity will in time compel a return to sanity, but the longer reform is deferred the more severe will be the reaction. The true problem of Europe is France. How to save her from the collapse inevitable from her own policy; how, that is, to make the Alliance truly useful, truly cultural, Europeanly constructive.

Licking the Bottle

By "Consumer"

Mr. Chamberlain's Budget has apparently astonished the "new rich," but in fact it merely hints at the financial problem before us, and does not attempt a solution. Still it is a beginning and must be welcomed for that reason. Its political effects will be far more important than its economic provisions, and, as an example, the Budget will serve a sound international purpose.

The real point of the Budget may be found in the Chancellor's naïve words: "Last year we actually added to our debt." We did owing to Mr. Churchill's Russian war and the various other military commitments. Now Mr. Chamberlain appears with a red light. He is getting afraid of the Churchillian-Poincaré policy of playing Louis XVI. over Europe on an £8,000,000,000 debt, plus about £1,500,000,000 unfunded debt, and so he bids us stay our profligacies and—think about paying for the war.

At last we are reaching the hard economic truth of Armageddon—*it has to be paid for*. In particular to France, comically presenting a £2,000,000,000 Budget, a "peace" force of 700,000 bayonets, refusing to face facts, to tax herself, or even think on a plane of solvency, Mr. Chamberlain's Budget will provide a useful corrective. The election lies of the Coalition hop on the breakfast table. The Kaiser smokes *his* cigar. The indemnity is smoke. Mr. Chamberlain licks the bottle of the national resources.

Yet only licks it. Do not let us fool ourselves any longer. His revenue is only raised by including some £300,000,000 of war sales. The "normal" Budget is not within sight and obviously will depend entirely upon policy: how much Mesopotamia costs us, how many wars we incur to "liberate" the peoples who dwell where oil is found, how much Poland costs us, or Ireland, or Bolshevism, or Czecho-Slovakia, or Constantinople, or any of the many expeditions, advances, loans and spectacular dis-

plays connected with the new war-map of Europe, *in the leash of Parisian* (*not French*) *militarism*. We stand before the supreme crisis of economic politics or—collapse, and Mr. Chamberlain knows it.

His taxes are, of course, not really developed; that is the truth. And though the "never-endians," as they were called, may protest at the bill, Mr. Chamberlain is merely doing what he ought to have done last year, namely, point out that the war will have to be paid for—sooner or later. He is right in restoring the excess-profits tax. He is right in lowering the incidence of the surtax. He is right in reserving the right to impose—later—a war levy, though this is probably a "bogey."

The Budget ought, of course, to have balanced without borrowing last year, when, instead, we "added to the debt," but the Coalition no doubt felt bound to justify its expensive Parliament, and so Mr. Chamberlain let 1919 "rip." But still his economies are far too small. The Service estimates are twice what they ought to be—£80,000,000 for the Navy is ridiculous; the Civil Service estimates of £500,000,000 are a scandal. There is nothing heroic in the new Budget, which may be described as a foretaste to us and a warning to Europe.

Mr. Chamberlain is content for the nonce to lick round the bottle, while letting run many essential taps. Of course this Budget will *increase prices*, for patriotic profiteers will inevitably pass the difference on to the consumer, and in their wake wages will follow. It is a jolly prospect. Lord Lansdowne will smile in the coming months. To be expected is a grand protest on the part of profiteers and monopolists, which this Government will probably bow to, and thereby postpone the turn of the "hard-faced" men to pay the costs of the world's "knock-out." There is one suspicious item—Mr. Chamberlain's surplus which, he assures us, will start a sinking fund. No sinking fund will suffice or contribute in any way to break prices or stop the depreciation of credit and currency, which is the real evil. Far more drastic steps will have to be taken next year. In budgeting for a surplus, he may—we never know in these days of frenzied secret diplomacy—be estimating for another little Bolshevist war or "support" for Poland; this "economy" will need close scrutiny in any case.

To sum up. Labour gets a sop; the middle class will be hard hit; the well-off are leniently treated. The debt remains untouched; the huge unfunded debt remains floating. We may—almost certainly we shall not—this year be faced with a real transfer of value to the State, *i.e.*, a war levy. The land is capitalised, thus burying the Premier's one contribution to social reform. Such is the picture: camouflage. It is a great pity Mr. Chamberlain did not have the courage to tax all luxury imports to the hilt; still only profiteers will care to be seen in public drinking champagne, so Mr. Johnson has not lost an eye for nothing.

The Budget really leads up to the International Financial Conference, for which it provides the setting. If that Conference is serious and agrees upon constructive measures to improve the European depreciation of credit and currency, then at last we shall have laid the coping-stone of possible recovery. But that will depend simply and solely upon whether we can free ourselves from militarism and will regard Europe as a whole, and European economics as a collective responsibility, in the stabilisation of which all stand or fall together, though not necessarily to the same extent or at the same time.

What is Wrong?

By Thomas Moult

We are inclined of late to find ourselves a little too wearied to respond with the ancient sympathy whenever the despairing gesture is made anew at the state of the theatre. The gesture seems to have become as stereotyped as are the methods and aspirations of that multitude of societies established to rescue the stage from absolute perdition. Even Mr. William Poel, with his brochure, "What is Wrong with the Stage," which Allen and Unwin have now published, does not succeed in imparting to us any fresh enthusiasm, lofty and grave as his attitude towards his art is and has always been. Perhaps in that loftiness, that gravity, as we come to recall them, will be found the cause of our difference of attitude. Mr. Poel's faith appears to be in an absolute standard; which has at least this much to be said for it, that it is never vacillating in face of facts, never vague. Only one wonders what his master, William Shakespeare, would have contributed to the drama if he had not required to keep in mind the productions of his contemporaries, the tremendously inferior plays, the fascinating rogueries of the type of "The Fair Maid of the West, or a Girl Worth Gold," by Thomas Heywood, who had his share in the writing of two hundred like it, and which the Phœnix Society very happily revived in London a few Sundays ago. And as we peruse Mr. Poel's indictment against the present-day theatre, with its array of mean instances of commercialism and self-interest, we ask ourselves what is there about the other branches of art so absolutely right that the theatre should thus exclusively be arraigned? Is there nothing wrong with, say, the novel? For the novelist is feeling the grip of commercialism, if ever anyone may be. Nor do we know of a single society existing for the purpose of rescuing it from a sordid end. And yet we make bold to say that every instance which Mr. Poel presents to us of corruption and sinister dealing in stage concerns has its equivalent in the concerns of litera-

ture, not to speak of painting or music. This, of course, does not mean any modification of the general truth of his plea. Rather are we prepared to extend it; only from a survey of the artistic position as a whole will promise come of a solution for the difficulties of any particular one of them.

Is it callousness, or the effect of this extended outlook, that makes Mr. Poel's indictment stir our indignation considerably less than it feeds our desire for entertainment? (Not that we would always have been so affected. . . .) "I am glad to tell you that my new play has a splendid part for my wife and another for me," Mr. Fred Terry—why conceal the name if Mr. Poel gives it?—is reported to have said to a *Referee* interviewer. The passage is reported in the brochure to show how much the attachment to their art of these "star" artists is really worth. But does Mr. Poel demand that they put aside their little human vanities for good and all when the motley is donned? There is a certain letter published with the two volumes by Macmillan and Company of Henry James's correspondence, in which, after describing to his brother the failure of his play, "Guy Domville," James breaks into a tirade against the successful productions of the time, especially against "the thing that is now succeeding at the Haymarket—the thing of Oscar Wilde's. On the basis of *their* being plays or successes, my thing is necessarily neither." It is an entirely human attitude to believe primarily in one's own importance rather than that of art, although to say this is not to condone Mr. Terry's terrible offence. . . Then there is the advertising "puff" in the *news* columns of the daily papers. "And oh, by the way," it begins, if Mrs. Tattle is writing it, "Miss Gladys Cooper will be seen in some wonderful frocks." Or, more pompously, "I understand that for the London Opera House engagement Miss Blank will receive a salary of £450 a week." Mr. Poel's amusing sidelight on the latter method is a quotation from a police-court report. "Mr. Sheridan, a variety artist who had been advertised by his agent to have received £250 per week, said in the witness-box that never in his life had he received such a sum." We have noted, however, that such fraudulence is confined to exaggerations concerning inessentials, and its counterpart is to be found, almost word for word, in the

case of certain novelists, or as when a publisher announces that several editions of the latest "masterpiece" have been taken up before publication—an "edition," if we could but know it, comprising a surprisingly small number of copies. And where is the individual who dare make the proclamation by such a method that he or she is the greatest living actor or actress? When proof of the claim would be demanded every night in the week by the keenest audience in the artistic world, it is safer to be modest about one's own supremacy; and, after all, the artists of the stage must keep their names before the public somehow. None but the novelist or the poet dare risk spending fifty pounds on advertising "puffs" that couple his name with gianthood. Only the book-writer's relation with the public is vague enough to permit of a dinner-invitation to one of our very many leading critics, and the reading a few days afterwards in a weekly review that he is easily the first novelist or poet of the time. . . .

Numerous and overwhelming as these individual cupidities may be proved to be, we do not feel that by their exposure we shall convict the arts of degeneration. If an actor's vanity chances to need overmuch nurture it does not signify that he would prove a Judas in his art, nor will the novelist and critic do damage by their little conspiracies—not even to their own reputations, because proclamations of greatness are made regularly, and nobody believes them—except the novelist (always) and (occasionally) the critic. Besides, why be so ready to convince the world that art is degenerate? Just as it is more natural, more human, to hide from others the awful fact of degradation in one we love, so if we love our art we shall desire to rehabilitate it, whatever its condition, by concentrating on its virtues. Having deplored the obscenity of a parasitism, alien to the theatre, that placarded London with "If you are over twenty-one and want to laugh, see * * *. *Not* for children"; having deplored a thousand things apparent during the recent years of abnormality, we turn to note the deep and unwearying idealism that is influencing the stage as definitely to-day as ever. Nor do we merely refer to its glorious manifestation in those nightly assemblies at a hall on the Surrey side of the Thames (have the pessimists—I do not

regard Mr. Poel as a pessimist—done anything more than heard of the Old Vic.?), in the recent work at various London and provincial theatres and by various actors and actresses of whom we gladly mention Miss Sybil Thorndike. Even Mr. Poel's more fundamental charge does not greatly concern us. The theatre magnates and monopolists who have lately burnt their fingers are obviously commercial syndicates, so that "the ultimate decision as to what play shall be put into rehearsal is determined, not, as it is on the Continent, by men of the theatre, but by members of the Stock Exchange." But has there never been an instance in literary production, as the case often is with the theatre, of manuscripts seeing the light on the strength of a name or a "spicy" or sensational situation, without even being read?. And yet, in spite of everything, "The History of Mr. Polly" and "Love and Mr. Lewisham" have been published, and "The Old Wives' Tale," the works of Mr. Conrad, "Sons and Lovers," by Mr. D. H. Lawrence, and "The Brook Kerith."

There is an enormous and inevitable wastage in the marine world consequent on the production of a comparatively few perfect fishes, and we have no alternative, deeply as we regret it, but to regard the huge output of mediocre fiction or poetry, however published—and it is no latter-day curiosity, but a persistent factor—as the necessary accompaniment of good work and of masterpieces. How intolerable a world it would be that gave birth to nothing but masterpieces! For the same reason we must endeavour to bear ourselves cheerfully beneath the burden of worthlessness in the theatre, of parasitism, the cupidity and self-aggrandisement of certain theatrical ladies and gentlemen. Shakespeare managed to bear with them; he did not waste much energy in denunciation, and if he could not make use of them (which he did), he recognised their inevitability, and generally ignored them. So must we console us with the recognition that in a hundred years all that is good in our arts will have survived. For Mr. Poel, as for any of us, to concentrate on what is the inevitable wickedness that accompanies all goodness in this imperfect universe is as if a philosopher were so hopelessly at sea as to concentrate on the aforesaid wastage in the world of fishes.

The "Movies"

With that sure instinct for nomenclature which distinguishes the world "that is never bored," the public has plumped for the "Movies." The play is no longer the thing. Hamlet's Ghost is a poor "mole." To-day we respond to the film—the picture or screen, a "Movie."

This new form of illusion cannot be called an art. Without the magic of the human voice, without the reality of the human form, lacking in colour, sound and poetry, the film is a purely ocular illusion, an effect of light. At its worst it is a kind of eye-frenzy; at its best it is apt to cause a headache. Yet this eye-titillation has it. To see "Dug." Fairbanks climb a telephone-pole, though any acrobat can climb infinitely better; to see "Charlie" play school-boy pranks on his betters, though any music-hall knock-abouts are really far funnier; to enjoy Mary Pickford "saving" a millionaire, though any pretty girl in the flesh must be more attractive than the picture of the prettiest of girls—this is what the public wants. The illusion of illusion. The film of a man making a face, the colourless sight of a girl with her hair down, in tears, the play re-enacted without sound or reality. This to-day is the "draw." The twinkle show is the modern world's delight. "It sort of brings it home like." It hypnotises. It seems to opiate the imagination. And—it is cheap.

And so to-day with the gallant exception of Gogol's masterpiece, *The Government Inspector*, superbly played by Maurice Moscovitch, theatre-land is a stage without plays; the real play is passing to the "pictures," with the novel and the high-paid actor. Why speak when, by posturising and cutting faces, you can treble your salary? Why write when, by a few indications and directions, you can pocket in a week as much as an author can net by a successful run in six months? It is imitation of imitation that succeeds. Also this, which is the secret of the Movie's fascination. As the expression of brutality, vulgarity, and sheer stupidity, the film easily outpoints the play, the player, and the poet.

This we have recently seen in *Broken Blossoms*, a really high-class film. Unquestionably it was a thing of beauty, in its light effects a revelation. But that was not its

"charm." The mob flocked to it because of its low brutality; they revelled in the picture of a prize-fighter beating a girl to death; they "loved" his face when he saw red; they "lived" this horrible physical spectacle.

Here the screen has a "pull" over the stage. You can do on the film what the legitimate stage dare not attempt. Look at the *Auction of Souls*' bestiality. One scene depicted a row of crucified girls. Of course, the thing was done in America. The maidens were chosen; men went to see their comeliness. To anyone who knows Armenia, these beautiful, white-skinned American models were a "scream," for in Armenia such is not the breed. But it served—as propaganda. The whole gamut of life was presented, short of actual rape, which the police cut out. Now, on the stage such scenes cannot be done, unless we return to the customs of the Empress Theodora, who was publicly ravished by soldiers on the stage nightly (see Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" for details). The Movie has an unfair advantage in this matter of brutality. Blows are not heard. Somehow, the effects are not so physical. Real murder on the film is not so exciting as it would be on the stage—with real blood. It is noteworthy that the *Auction of Souls* was presented to the public on behalf of "Christianity."

This new power has certainly come to stay. It is perhaps the greatest propagandist power ever invented. It practically brought America into the war. Its effects in the hands of unscrupulous politicians could be prodigious. For the power of the film is its appeal to physical passion, hate and prejudice in which, as an instrument of blood-kindling, it completely outclasses the Press.

It knocks out the old Adelphi melodrama, which the modern servant-girl, who has worn a "Wren" or "Waac" uniform, would heartily despise. All the time it depicts action, incident, emotion. There are no intervals, no silences, no pending moments. "All the time" is the slogan. A good film hits from start to finish, and the book reads like a soap advertisement. Thus, "The poor girl is now terribly afraid." Then comes the picture of a girl making excruciating grimaces. What price Shakespeare? What is Falstaff pitted against the antics of "Charlie"? What can the Devil himself in *Faust* do to equal the flashing

picturisation of the picture of a picture rendered by "Dug." jumping over house-tops, or "Hart" leaping on his horse, or the world's heroine, Mary Pickford, sniffing at a bunch of marigolds? Nothing, of course. The essence is the make-believe. All the emotions for a "bob." In an hour, from Sadism to salvation. "Walk up." The mob—the film is the mob. It is democracy undressing itself, tasting life, living for an hour or so in the boots of a thief, a murderer, a princess, a highwayman, or hero, a harlot or a Dr. Crippen. For the film has broken down respect. It pictures all men, all acts, all forms of death and kisses. The Prince of Darkness and the Queen of Joy, they have no privileges on the film. It is a communistic interpretation, and the little boys in the audience hiss the villain and applaud the hero, and the "flappers" convoy their boys.

Democracy. The film is a great socialising or democratic force, opening all doors, piercing all secrets, respecting none. Its power for evil is preposterous. Whither will it lead? What will be its evolution?

It can make wars more "necessary" than ever any king could, or any doctrine. Its allure is intoxication of mind and the senses. It makes what used to be called "art" easy, within the arithmetic of all. It obliterates art for artistry. The stage has become a photograph shop, all-a-twinkle, like "winkles." And the "leads" in the photographic bring-me-down-to-the-level-of-a-picture business are to-day world heroes and heroines better known than was even Napoleon, better paid than any man who ever saved his country ten times over.

Complain! Good heavens, no! Of what use is criticism in a world which is its own critic? A world which raves over "Charlie" and "Mary" has no use for tears out of which all art blossoms. This is a democratic age, and the screen is its fitting expression. There are plenty of subjects it has not yet done. The gladiatorial show, for instance, the lions and the early Christians, Bedlam gone mad, a crocodile eating a baby, etc., etc. Thrills, more thrills.

Well, Ibsen foresaw it all in the *Master-builder*. The world moves. Aptly, the world's theatre is to-day styled the "Movie."

S. O.

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And I am a poor man, too—really much poorer than one of the so-called "New poor." Yet, on my wife's birthday, I gave her £1,000.

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GENERAL V. LETTOW-VORBECK ended by being quite a hero of our Armies, and partly the reason may be found in this straightforward narrative of his astonishing campaign—one of the most remarkable military feats in history—in East Africa. He eluded capture right up to the armistice. He fought through German East Africa and out into Portuguese territory and then back again, starting with a total force of 14,000, of which 11,000 were Askari or blacks, and of the Europeans only about 300 were soldiers. Against him some 300,000 men operated, constantly supplied with food and arms, aeroplanes, guns, etc., about 130 Generals, including the Boers Smuts and Daventer, and after the armistice he surrendered 21 Europeans, 5 doctors, 125 fighting Europeans, a chemist and field-telegraph officer, 1,156 blacks, and 1,598 carriers. All the rifles were English or Portuguese (all captured). In the war our losses are placed at 61,000 dead, and some 140,000 horses and mules. Lettow's campaign was a romance from the start, for he had only old rifles in 1914, and chiefly the old smoke powder. In Africa he became legendary. Our own men had a true sportsman's admiration for him, which found expression in the courteous way he was received after his surrender. In his book he writes without bombast and with German sincerity. Unquestionably he is one of the great guerilla leaders of all time, surpassing the achievements of De Wet and Botha, and it will be many long years before the fame of his campaign dies away in Africa.

FICTION.

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HARVEST. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. Collins. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

To most creative writers the war came as a great embarrassment to their art, and to none, one would judge, more forcibly than to the late Mrs. Humphry Ward, the consistent advocate of a settled state of society. The final phases of this distinguished lady's life-work proved at the very least a living adaptability to new and astounding circumstance. From the leadership of the anti-suffrage movement to the first place upon the roster of women magistrates is a long and significant step; and in her war work one finds the leaven of the new world constantly working in a mind still flexible and receptive. The posthumous publication of the novel under review affords fresh proof of its author's acceptance of a swiftly changing world, for its heroine, a middle-class girl farmer, a *divorcé* with a past, is one of her creator's most sympathetic and agreeable figures. There is, indeed, in "Harvest" an autumnal blandness which, in spite of the tragic ending, speaks of a ripe and tolerant mind. The pictures of humble life are true and sympathetic, and the setting is unmistakably that of Mrs. Humphry Ward's beloved home county with its fertile valleys and wooded hills.

SHEPHERD'S WARNING. By ERIC LEADBITTER. Allen & Unwin. 7*s.* net.

GOLD AND IRON. By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. Heinemann. 7*s.* net.

THE difference between the effects of these two novels will be that in the one case a reputation is increased, and in the other it is hardly marking time. Mr. Eric Leadbitter has advanced remarkably since *Rain Before Seven.* His style has at once clarified and mellowed, and no longer are whole pages reminiscent of the volumes that detailed the sinister adventures of Michael Fane. *Shepherd's Warning* is distinguished by a very fine study of an old ploughman, the outward and visible expression of the spirit of the soil he works on, a figure of humanness and indeed of beauty, despite the author's description of him as "a decidedly dirty man, with a darkly flushed face, who breathed stertorously, and from time to time spat loudly into the fire as he sat sucking at his short, inverted clay pipe, the foulness of which was of value to those who, like himself, at times had to draw consolation from an empty bowl."

Mr. Hergesheimer is a recent example of that brand of genius which comes from America, in which genius the publishers appear to have so little abiding faith that they feel it is incumbent on them to publish as many volumes of the author's as can be squeezed into their seasons—lest public enthusiasm should peter out and leave unmarketable English editions on their hands. Not that the author of *The Three Black Pennys* and *Java Head* is an altogether negligible example of the aforesaid genius. Even in this collection of three shorter stories his gift is displayed with much of the old promise of power; but, as in Mr. Leadbitter's case, we reasonably hope for fulfilment with a fourth or fifth book, not that promise modified.

T. M.

BOOKS

POETRY AND DRAMA.

MORE TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE. By P. G. L. WEBB, C.B., C.B.E. Allen and Unwin. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

THOSE who enjoyed Mr. Philip Webb's former little volume of Heine in English will doubtless extend a warm welcome to this successor. Mr. Webb commands an easy and graceful style; he has also an obvious delight in his theme that has made these translations a labour of love. Perhaps of all poets Heine is almost the most difficult to carry unharmed into a foreign tongue; the very simplicity of his emotional appeal holds always a danger of degenerating into the banal. At times Mr. Webb has hardly escaped this peril; but for the most part—especially in the Lyrisches Intermezzo, many of which would deserve quotation—he has caught the music and charm of the original with fine sympathy. In his official capacity Mr. Webb will be recalled by motorists with somewhat mingled regard. Those whose indignation at war-time restrictions led them to brave the late Petrol Control Committee, and pour out their anger before the polite but faintly smiling head of that Department, may now learn, if enthusiasts of Heine, that it has been their fate to entertain an angel unawares. A. E.

GEORGIAN POETRY, 1918—1919. Edited by E. M. Poetry Bookshop. 6*s.* net.

A MISCELLANY OF POETRY, 1919. Edited by WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR. Palmer and Hayward. 5*s.* net.

To be perfectly frank at the outset, we see distinct profit in dismissing neither of these volumes as "unrepresentative," for we shall lay ourselves open thereby to the charge of originality in dealing with them. The number of critics who have already wept over their "omissions" is legion; it will be far from platitudinous, therefore, to repeat that poetry is, or ought to be, so intensely individual, so temperamentally peculiar to the poet that if, to meet the general demand, the editors of these anthologies were to increase their list of authors from nineteen and twenty-nine to fifty, the volumes would be more representative by exactly the number of additions, and no further. An anthology which excludes every living poet except half a dozen can be just as representative as if it included a whole nest of singers and all the nests. It depends entirely on the anthologist.

Mr. Edward Marsh, the "E. M." of the *Georgian* volume, has long since substantiated his own editorial claim, and Mr. Seymour has, with the *Miscellany,* shown distinctive qualifications for a like task. If only to prove that our generation refuses to tolerate any suspicion of monopoly, he ought to have every encouragement to continue. Indeed, a comparison of the two books shows Mr. Seymour with a definite advantage already. He may have been unfortunate in failing to obtain the services of Mr. de la Mare, but he has at least included Miss Muriel Stuart, Mr. Louis Golding, and Mr. F. V. Branford, to compensate for what we understand has been a point-blank refusal to permit their infinitely precious work to appear of half a dozen of the younger "Georgians." In other words, Mr.

Seymour has sought beyond the range of the comfortably established, and dared to venture into the poetic wilderness. Not that Mr. Marsh has not gone a little of the way with him. But the general tone of the *Georgian* suggests that in his case it was a negative affair, a sort of sop to artistic opinion, rather than a positive principle. However, there is good hope that in time for his next volume Mr. Marsh will have realised that it *is* the wilderness, after all, that is the likely place in which to find one whom we are waiting for, the latest of the giants and masters.

SOCIAL.

FROM AN EASTERN EMBASSY. H. Jenkins, Ltd. 16*s.* net.

THOUGH the author will be recognised by her friends, she prefers anonymity, perhaps because everything Turkish is supposed to be mysterious. It is a good book and really interesting, for the writer has moral courage and judgment and a skilful pen, and in her peregrinations across Europe she met all kinds and classes of people, from Kings to sorceresses. Especially these latter. This branch of life was, indeed, the author's speciality, and she had unique opportunities for testing the veracity of spiritualists and mediums and seeing the best in that mystic circle. For an Embassy book, it is astonishingly alive and refreshingly free from snobbery. This story of the lady in the Turkish Embassy should prove an attractive companion to many folk in need of keen, vivacious diet and a society mystery.

THE WORLD AFTER THE WAR. By C. R. and D. F. BUXTON. Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

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